THE INJUR'D LOVERS: OR, THE Ambitious Father.

A TRAGEDY.

Acted by Their

Majesty's Servants

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL.

By *W. MOUNTFORT*, Com.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES

EARL of ARRAN,

Son to his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton*;

One of the Lords of his Majeſty's Bed-chamber, and Knight of the Honourable and Ancient Order of the *Thiſtle*.

My LORD.

THE abundance of indulgent Favours I have received from your Lordſhip, and the Noble Family to which you are now ally'd; made me preſume, humbly to crave your kind Acceptance of this Firſt Fruits of a *Young Muſe*: And tho I cannot aſſure my ſelf of deſerving ſo great an

Encouragement as your *Lordſhip's* Eſpouſal of this Trifle; yet I will, to my utmoſt Endeavours, ſatisfy the World, how much a generous Patronage may encreaſe a natural Genius, and that an indifferent Beginning may, by the Aſſiſtance of ſo great a Perſon extreamly improve it ſelf.

For what bold Cenſurer (tho never ſo Malitious) dares queſtion what your *Lordſhip* takes into your Protection: Safe, I'm ſure, it will remain, as plac'd upon an Altar: And indeed, when I call to mind how many, leſs deſerving than your *Lordſhip*, have been ſtiled *Hero's*, and *Demi-Gods*, it makes me accuſe the Ingratitude of our Age, and call much in Queſtion its Judgment.

Give me leave, my *Lord*, but to call to mind (tho far too worthy for my Pen) the famous, and never to be enough praiſed Actions of your Anceſtors, the *Douglaſſes*, whoſe perſonal Valours have always been ſo great, that they ſeem'd the Souls of Armies, as having Life only where they charged: And whatſoever Quarrel they eſpous'd, Victory always dwelt there: Their Courages were ſuch, that what is in ancient Legends of others Romantick, was really juſtly true of them.

And ſince they are gone to encreaſe the Number of the *Hero's* above, who does not ſee the true Image of their Souls in your *Lordſhips*: Every thing you undertake muſt have Succeſs, for what you do is with ſuch a noble Aſſurance, that Fortune ſeems afraid to contradict it; and you carry her with you

always

always bound, and in Subjection to your Pleaſure.

Indeed every thing in you is Extraordinary: To witneſs only your firſt early Valour with a Perſon of Honour, which ſhew'd an Example of your exact Niceneſs in Gallantry, and was the true Teſt of Courage.

Give me leave to add to the reſt of the Virtues, the Loyalty of your ſelf and Family; the never to be forgotten Tranſactions (now freſh in Memory) of your Two illuſtrious Relations, the Dukes of *Hamilton*; One ſacrificed for his Prince, by the barbarous and deteſtable Rebels; and the other, regardleſs of his Life in ſo meritorious a Cauſe, dying in endeavouring the late King's Reſtauration.

And tho their Sufferings are as well ſet forth as an original Collection, and an ingenious Hiſtoriographer could well model: Yet the ſecret Virtues of that ineſtimable Pair, which, but themſelves, and the glorious Martyr they liv'd and dy'd for, knew: Imagination cannot reach, or if known, 'twould tire Fame to ſound 'em.

And ſtill to add to your Never-dying Name: This laſt happy Union, with a Family of ſuch Worth, that Fortune ſeem'd proud of the Match, and contrived it as an Honour to both Parties.

What a vaſt Happineſs do I enjoy that have a Perſon of ſo unparallell'd a Family as your *Lordſhip*, to countenance my feeble Endeavours; and tho the Worthies of the World might juſtly claim the Honour I ſue for; yet, as the *Widdow's Mite* was

Acceptable,

acceptable, ſo may this poor Performance be to your *Lordſhip's* unbounded Goodneſs.

Perhaps ſome *Momuſes* of this Time, may immediately (without farther Thought) decry this Paper, and call it Flattery; but thoſe that will impartially judge, muſt own that Flattery and Truth were never ally'd; and I have ſaid nothing here but what the well-known Merits of the Perſons will juſtify.

May the noble Partner of your Heart live like her Virtues, which were a ſufficient Security (if Heaven would ſuffer her Abſence) for an Immortality on Earth: May the Excellencies of both Generations wait on you two; may Goodneſs, Honour, and Loyalty never depart, from whence they have ſeem'd to take their Dwelling, but with that untir'd Sincerity (which your Predeceſſors have ſtill perform'd to their Soveraign) attend you; whilſt I, at a Diſtance, ſhall rejoice, and with all Humility crave the Title of,

Your *Lordſhips* moſt Obedient

and Dutiful Servant,

Will. Mountfort.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To the *Injur'd Lovers*, ſpoken by Mr. *Mountfort*.

JO Haynes's *Fate is now become my Share,*
For I'm a Poet, Married, *and a* Player:
The greateſt of theſe Curſes *is the* Firſt;
As for the latter Two, *I know the* worſt;
But how you mean to deal with me to Day,
Or how you'l Maſſacre *my harmleſs Play,*
I muſt confeſs diſtracts me every Way:
For I've not only Criticks *in the Pit.*
But even in the upper Gallery they ſit,
Knaves that will run down Mr. Mountfort's *Wit;*
I'm the unlucky'ſt Dogg *that ever Writ.*
Some Cure then muſt be taken, that may ſave
This Dear, *my Firſt Begotten, from the Grave:*
Some Friends Adviſe, like Brother Ben *declare,*
By God 'tis Good, *deny't the Slave that dare.*
Were I but ſure 'twould Take, *I'd do my beſt;*
But to be kick'd, you know, would ſpoil the Jeſt.
However I muſt ſtill my Play maintain,
Damn *it who will,* Damn me, *I'll write again;*
Clap down each Thought, nay, more than I can think,
Ruin my Family in Pen *and* Ink.
And tho' my Heart ſhould burſt to ſee your Spite,
True Talboy *to the laſt I'll Cry and Write,*
That's Certain.
Or ſince I am beſet ſo by my Foes,
I beg your Favours, Friends, Brother Beaux;
Join with the Ladies, to whoſe Power I bow,
Where I ſee Gentleneſs on every Brow;
To whoſe acuter Judgments I ſubmit,
O! Save me from the Surlies *of the Pit:*
Thoſe Nauſeous Wretches which have not the taſt
Of Wit or Gallantry, if nicely dreſt.
I never writ till Love *firſt touch'd my Brain,*
And ſurely Love *will now* Loves *Cauſe Maintain,*
Beſides my Natural Love *to write again.*
Yet as you Pleaſe, Ruin *or* Pity *bear,*
Sir Courtly *fears no Enemy ſo Fair:*
Execute as you pleaſe your Tyrant-Will,
His Character's, Your humble Servant ſtill.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

King of Sicily.	*Mr.* Williams.
Rheusanes, *his General, and betroth'd to* Antelina.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Ghinotto, *the Ambitious Father.*	*Mr.* Griffiin.
Dorenalus *his Son, Friend to the General, and in Love with the Princess.*	*Mr.* Mountfort.
An old Collonel belonging to the Army.	*Mr.* Sanford.
Several Souldiers.	*Mr.* Lee. *Mr.* Jevon. *Mr.* Underhill, *&c.*
The Princess Oryala *in Love with* Rheusanes.	*Mrs.* Barry.
Antelina, *Daughter of* Ghinotto.	*Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

Pages and Attendants.

Scene SICILY.

THE Injur'd Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Diſcovers the King lying on a Couch; After a Song he Riſes.

I.

LUcinda Cloſe or Veil your Eye,
Where thouſand Loves in Ambuſh lye;
Where Darts are Pointed with ſuch Skill,
They're ſure to Hurt, if not to Kill.
Let Pity move thee to ſeem Blind,
Leſt Seeing, thou deſtroy Mankind.

II.

Lucinda hide that ſwelling Breaſt,
The Phœnix *elſe will change her Neſt:*
Yet do not, for, when She Expires,
Her heat may light in the ſoft Fires
Of Love and Pity, ſo that I
By this one Way may thee Enjoy.

King. OH Love! like Death no Difference thou know'ſt,
The Heart thou ſtrik'ſt muſt to thy Power ſubmit,
Tho ſatisfyed the Yielding Ruins it:
Not *Alexander* could withſtand thy Dart,
Yet he had baffled Millions with his Shield;
The God of War thy Arrows did Diſgrace,
Making him languiſh at thy Mothers feet:

No wonder if our Heroes were thy Slaves,
When you subdued the Deity they serv'd.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. *Ghinotto* waits your Majesties Commands.

King, Bid him Enter.

Enter Ghinotto.

Oh my *Ghinotto,* dost thou bring me Comfort?
Or must Despair consume thy Master, speak?

Ghi. What might be urg'd to serve your Majesty
This Brain has studied, and this Tongue perswaded;
But still the Coyness of a slighted Maid,
Seduc'd by the false Vows of her first Lover,
To all besides she bears;
Nor Power, nor Pomp can bring her to my Will.

King, Thou dost not sure the Art of Courtship know,
That canst not with Preferment win a Woman.

Ghi. Perhaps Proposals from your Majesty might tempt her;
But from me, tho Duty should instruct her to obey;
Yet she despises the utmost hopes
My Cunning can invent.

King, I'le see her then my self;
They say there is a Power in Majesty,
Which Woman can't withstand;
And if a Crown can win her, *Aside.*
I will exchange it for the moments Bliss,
And be content to serve my after Daies.
How does she bear the Marriage of *Rheusanes?*

Ghi. As gaping Courtiers do the Rise of those
Who take it o're their Heads: she sighs,
And coldly saies, She's glad *Rheusanes* Fortune
Has provided a beauty in all Points
So much above her to share his Heart,
So much more worthy in his Masters eye, so——

King, What now? *Shout.*

Ghi. 'Tis for *Rheusanes,* Sir.
The Crouded streets smoak with his Aclamations,
And He their Sun sucks up the ambitious Fogg.

King, *Ghinotto* he must be Clouded, set in a Winters Sky,

Where

Where ſometimes he may ſhine, but weakly warm.
Ghi. Succeſs in Souldiers makes 'em Popular,
Nay oft diſturbs the State which once they ſerv'd:
So 'tis a Prince's ſafety to remove 'em
Still as they grow familiar with their Country,
Into a private Life;
Which to the full ſhall recompence the Publique,
And keep 'em with juſt duty to their Prince.
King, 'Tis well adviſ'd.
You once were great i' th' Military Cauſe,
Deſerv'd, and did receive Applauſes too.
Thy Son being grown fit for the honour'd Field,
I took thee to my ſelf my boſom Friend.
Ghi. So warm a Climate vertue does encreaſe,
My care have ever been to ſerve my Maſters.
King, Thou art a worthy States-man.
Rheuſanes on his Marriage ſhall reſign his Staff,
Which to thy Son deſcends: Let him Example
From his Father take, and well I ſhall be Guarded:
This Night I'l ſee thy Daughter.
If thou canſt bring her to accept my offers,
I'le make thee Father of thy Prince, *Ghinotto,*

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. The General waits for admittance, Sir.
King, Conduct him in *Ghinotto.* *Exit* Ghi. and Gent.
I muſt Enjoy her:
Great is the intereſt of this General,
As great I know the Love is he bears her;
My Siſter firſt preſented him to me,
And now expects to reap what ſhe has ſown,
Tho Kings would Glory in ſo rich a Bride:
Yet for my own content ſhe Marries him;
I have no hopes to compaſs *Antelina*
But by this ſnare:
For when Love once for Greatneſs is Deſpis'd,
Still the neglected by that ſcorn's adviſ'd,
And when *Rheuſanes* fallhood ſhe has known,
How will ſhe catch the offer of a Crown.

Enter Ghinotto, Rheusanes, Dorenalus, *Attendants*,
Rheusanes *Kneels.*

Rhe. Success and Plenty wait upon my Prince,
And still when e're his Country wants relief,
May Fortune prove as favourable as now.

King, Welcom most fortunate, most wish'd for man,
Thy Prince's Guardian, and thy Countrys Prop:
Rise and look like the conqueror thou art.

Rhe. You pay my duty much above its merit,
Nor could my Life, tho lost in your defence,
Be worthy of such Title, or such Praise;
I've serv'd my Prince but as a subject ought,
When he commands his service;

King, Dorenalus! thou'rt welcom; *Dor.* Kneels,
May still good fortune wait upon thy Youth,
Encouraging thy Endeavours with success.

Dor. Long as the favour of my Prince waits on me,
I need not fear the want of Heav'ns assistance.

King, Rheusanes, since Heav'n has blest us
With Victory, and thy safety,
I think it were presumption more to tempt it;
Thou hast discharg'd thy Office well and Nobly;
And how to recompence thy Merit we have studied:
But if thy fancy would reward thy service
With a particular choice it most delights in,
Proclaim thy wishes to our grateful ear,
With a most worthy and just assurance.

Rhe. So well I know the goodness of my Master,
That on his choice I wholly will depend,
For fear my wishes meet with his intentions,
Which rudely might interpret that I knew
My own deserts as well as does my Prince.

King, My wishes hope to agree with thy desires.
Goes to the door and brings in Oryala.
Can this reward thee?

Dor. Ha! *Aside.*

King, Why so surpriz'd *Rheusanes?* 'tis real and thy Merit,
Here take her, and the next sun shall see you

Joyn'd

Joyn'd much faſter. ——ſtill ſenſeleſs!

Rhe. Such bleſſings, Sir, muſt be receiv'd
With all humility and admiration.

King, Courtſhip, I know, is troubleſom in Publique;
We'l leave you to the Eyes and Ears
Only of each other. [*Ex.* King. Dor. Ghin. *Manent* Ory, *and* Rhe.

Dor. The uſe of mine forſake me
At this Moment.

Rhe. What ſhall I do, or, how ſhall I approach her?
Moſt gracious Princeſs!

Ory. Moſt worthy Lord.

Rhe. By Heav'ns, ſhe ſpoke as if ſhe lik'd my anſwer,
And prompts me to go on. *Aſide.*

Ory. Some pitying God now ſtand a Virgins Friend,
Inſpire him with affection towards my Love,
That neither my deſires may be refus'd, *Aſide.*
Nor Greatneſs ſlighted.

Rhe. Since, Madam, by the King I here am left
To win your favour, or receive your ſcorn;
I would entreat (e're I preſume to talk
Of that nice ſubject we muſt enter on)
You would reſolve me one material Point, *Kneels.*
Which my fears urge me thus to beg of you.

Ory. Riſe, My Lord, ſo well I know the goodneſs of your ſoul,
That whatſoever it dare ask, I need not bluſh to grant;
I gueſs his Meaſures, and am prepar'd to meet 'em. *Aſide.*

Rhe. Oh, *Antelina!* *Aſide.*
'Tis, Madam, whether by inclination or command
You do permit this ſingle Conference?

Ory. My Lord!

Rhe. Pardon me, Princeſs, if I err, impute it to reſpect,
And much of Honour:
'Tis probable your Choice is made already;
If ſo, what happineſs can I expect
From an intangled Love, or forc'd compliance?

Ory. If it were ſo, (tho you've no cauſe to doubt)
But if it were, I ſay,
In kind obedience to the Kings Command,

I would

I would correct the errors of my Will,
And with content accept what he thought fit.
Rhe. Load me not, Madam, with too many favours,
Left I want power to recompence your goodneſs.
Honour and Beauty I have fought for long,
Yet never did my Ambition ſwell ſo high,
To think my Duty worthy of ſuch Greatneſs.
Ory. Since, General, 'tis the Opinion of your Prince,
Your Princeſs too complying with his Thoughts,
You ſhould be Proud that he eſteems ſo well;
And blow the Flame which kindles thus your Glory.
Rhe. Hold, now my Honour, Faith, and Love ſtands faſt.
Ory. Why pauſe you ſo? (*aſide.*
Rhe. My fortunes, Madam, crowd ſo faſt upon me,
I am ſurpriz'd and puzled to receive 'em,
Ory. 'Tis probable your Choice is made already;
Elſe, why this ſubtle diſtance in your ſpeech?
Why, palls your Spirit when I grant it freedom?
Think to what envy'd Glory thou art climbing,
Kings, have been Proud, but to be thought my Suitors;
And he was happieſt whom I ſmil'd on moſt.
Rhe. If happily from Kings I had deſcended,
With a bold Joy I ſhould embrace this offer;
I but indifferent Parentage can boaſt;
A private Gentleman by you prefer'd,
Your favour was the Sun that warm'd my hopes,
And ripen'd with applauſe my undertakings;
I am a Cloud will ſully the bright Glory,
Which from your Eyes gives comfort to the World.
Ory. Honour atchiev'd is Reckon'd the moſt Noble,
The *Romans* thought the merits of the Sword,
Excel'd the Nobleneſs of long Succeſſion;
The famous *Marius* of *Plebian* Race,
The dignity of *Conſul* bore ſeven times;
Why ſhould not Diamonds bear their worth in dirt,
Equal with thoſe the flattering Artiſts ſet?
But in this Age fantaſtick Ornaments,
Baffles the Honeſt, Plain, and ſolid Vertue.

Rhe.

Rhe. There's no avoiding of her meaning now,
Through all my Cunning shiftings she has Cours'd me,
And hunted my Excuses to a Bay: *aside.*
Madam, like all your former favours, is this last,
The Generous encouragement you give me,
Upbraids my sence for wanting words to thank you;
Grant me a little Time to weigh this Goodness
And I will study how to Answer it.

Ory. Had *Antelina* made this invitation,
You would have had one ready.

Rhe. I do not understand.

Ory. 'Twere better if you had:
But remember and Curse your folly.

Rhe. I have disturb'd her Soul, and in her Eye
I see neglected greatness threaten high.

Ory. Make me no Power stoop thou Tyrant Love,
I thought no possibility for this! *aside.*
Does your Guilt make me Dumb?

Rhe. I dare not speak, I see your Anger,
And I dread your Frown: would I had never been.

Ory. Why?

Rhe. Or else been yours.

Ory. Ha!

Rhe. Oh! do not strike me Dead, but Mercy shew: *kneels*
I see Revenge preparing for the blow,
And fear there's no Avoiding of it now.

Ory. Shame and Dishonour of my Soul, What am I?
What is a Princes slighted by a Slave?
But think you I will bear it tamely Traitor?
No, if my Power can Purchase me revenge,
Your *Antelina* quits the World this Moment;
In everlasting Solitude shall dwell,
And Cloister'd be for ever from Mankind.

Rhe. Oh hold! I had forgot her Power, and with my Forward Zeal undo my Hopes.

Ory. Unhand me.

Rhe. I cannot till you recal your Doom.

Ory. Till you renounce her, my Decree stands firm.

Rhe.

Rhe. Take then, O! take the fatal secret from me,
For Death I know must wait on the Confession;
My Faith to her was Plighted long before
I knew the least intentions for this Match:
Give me some Time then but to weigh this goodness;
For tho' I see my Fortunes mended much,
I can't forget she once was all I hop'd for.

Ory. Will you resolve? or,——

Rhe. I will. ——

Ory. What?

Rhe. Study to Love.——

Ory. Whom?

Rhe. Oh! *Antelina*!

Ory. Villain. *Stamps.*

Rhe. Yet stay.

Ory. I will not, Mercy nor Love, my Passion shall controule,
But as thou hast mine, I will Torment thy Soul.

Rhe. Yet mercy.

Ory. Antelina.

Rhe. Mercy.

Ory. Forsake her then.

Rhe. Would you not think it hard to have a claim
Below your own, deprive you of the Crown?
In love Pretentions like to those take place,
Nor durst I think of any to your Highness.

Ory. Canst thou neglect the Glories of a Princess
For mean delights in her indifferent Arms?

Rhe. Indifferent beings should their Equals choose;
The meanest sort: ——

Ory. Can then thy Soul be stinted to a being
And Covet nothing more beyond a Woman?
This mean Confession has alarm'd my Pride,
Ignoble Wretch! go Languish by her side:
The Honours which my favour on thee set,
Go lay 'em all at *Antelinas* feet:
Forget the Court and to a Cell retreat.
Oh! I betray my self, I must not stay;
Least I want Power to take my self away. *Exit.*

How

Rhe. How croſs a fate has Heav'n appointed me, *Exit.*
Was I preſerv'd abroad to periſh here,
Through all the hazards which my life has run,
Fortune befriended me, and led me on,
But now when moſt I want her, ſhe is gone.

Enter Dorenalus *with his Sword drawn.*

Dor. So is *Dorenalus.*

Rhe. Ha!

Dor. Draw *Rheuſanes.*

Rhe. Wherefore?

Dor. Oh! thou haſt bought a ſpot of Earth ſo cheap,
That the whole World will envy the vaſt Purchaſe
The Fruit it bears, like that of the firſt Tree,
Which did betray mankind, has poyſon'd me;
If therefore you would keep it undiſturb'd,
The everlaſting ſpringing ſweets ſtill Chaſt,
Immortal, like the power deſign'd 'em ſo.
Cut off the Serpent which would blaſt its vertues,
Would leave it a corrupted Root of Luſt,
Where ſins would multiply with every Thought.

Rhe. Your myſtick meaning yet I cannot gueſs;
But if in me There's ought can make you happy,
By all our Friendſhip you ſhall reap the bleſſing.

Dor. Friendſhip be ever baniſht from our Hearts,
I hate thee more then thou canſt love thy Comfort;
Draw, or by the power which thus diſtracts my Temper,
I'l kill thee like a Slave which wrongs Mans Honour;
And then wants Courage to redreſs the affront.

Rhe. Thou knoweſt I do not fear: [*draws.*
But, for thy Siſters ſake whom I have Lov'd. ——

Dor. Whom thou haſt Lov'd, —— thy Heart.

Rhe. Through it ungrateful, have I nurſt thy Youth
With all the tender Care of friendſhips Eye;
And this my Recompence diſcloſe your heart:
Lay forth the Troubles which afflict it thus,
Then if I have the Power to heal your wrongs,
And do refuſe, I'l meet thy Paſſion
As becomes, *Rheuſanes.*

Dor. Thou wilt not.
Rhe. Try me, you never found me Faithleſs yet.
Dor. Do not Urge me.
Rhe. I muſt.
Dor. Let thy Sword rip my Breaſt up.
And in my Heart thou'lt find the ſecret written,
Rhe. Friendſhip forbid it;
Delay no longer.
Dor. Oh! I am loſt. [*fall in* Rhe. *Arms.*
Rhe. Thou art not, here's thy Guide.
Dor. Oryala.
Rhe. What of her?
Dor. You'l laugh at me.
Rhe. Hate me then juſtly,
Dor. Do you not love her?
Rhe. No.
Dor. But ſhe does you.
Rhe. Is it my fault, would you kill me for that?
Dor. No, I would not now, but long ſince I could;
I love her Friend.
Rhe. Thy Friend reſigns her to thee.
Dor. Oh! ſhe has given *Rheuſanes* all her heart;
And for *Dorcnalus* ſhe has no room.
Rhe. Approach her, make thy ſufferings known,
Who knows but Heav'n may plead in thy behalf,
Or, ſhe when knowing how our Loves are croſt;
May by they Tongue be mov'd to ſet 'em right.
Dor. Ye pitying powers befriend me but in this,
And all my daies I'l ſacrifice in Thanks.
Can you forgive? *Rhe.* What?
Dor. The Unruly Method which I us'd juſt now.
Rhe. Fogive, I thank the occaſion which has ſet us right,
And prov'd how ſtrong my Faith is to your Siſter.
No more: haſt to the Princeſs, and relate your Paſſion,
May all the charms of Love and Youth wait on thee.
Dor. I have full power to work her as I pleaſe.
Rhe. I'l bleſs the skill that cures my Friends Diſeaſe.
End of the Firſt Act. *Exeunt.*

Act

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Rheuſanes *and* Antelina.

Rhe. OH! *Antelina,* why this ſtrange diſorder?
Why, are thy Eyes in which our loves have plaid,
And mov'd with Pleaſure as thy fancy taught 'em?
Now overcaſt with ſuch a diſmal change,
As quite confounds my ſences with the wonder.
Ant. How can you ask the cauſe of my Affliction,
When you the Author of it know too well?
Rhe. By all our Vows you tax me moſt unjuſtly,
Oh! may I periſh when I wrong my Love;
Or never more be happy in my Wiſhes.
Ant. Oryala, the Princeſs, Oh! that mighty Name,
Has cancel'd all your Promiſes to me;
A Crown, a Crown *Rheuſanes* is your Miſtriſs now.
Rhe. Be witneſs for me, he that made us love,
I would not leave thee for an endleſs life;
Of endleſs Youth.
Ant. Oh! you flatter me.
Rhe. Unkind ſuſpector.
Durſt my Tongue expreſs my prompting fancy,
I fear I ſhould Blaſpheme in praiſing You;
So much above all things I do eſteem you.
Ant. Oh! for *Rheuſanes* too, I've that eſteem:
The original impreſſion of my heart,
Who firſt taught Fondneſs in my tender Soul;
And linkt it to unſpeakable deſire:
But you'l not have the power to ſhun her love,
For there is ſuch Temptation in her Face;
It might perſwade a ſecond Angels fall.
Rhe. Not have the Power, Yes?
Were ſhe bright as the firſt Glorious Angel,

Fair as Imagination could Preſent her?
Could tire fancy to relate her Beauties,
I have a Soul that would deſpiſe her Charms.
Ant. My Soul diſdains a greater then the Princes;
The King *Rheuſanes* has declar'd he loves me:
This Night I am Commanded to receive him;
Nay, order'd to approve his Royal Offers.
Rhe. By whom?
Ant. My Father what he intends, I yet am ignorant;
But I muſt meet him.
Rhe. Muſt *Antelina?*
Ant Yes, I muſt, *Rheuſanes.*
Yet tho' my Fathers Will ſide with the Kings,
And the King thinks he may compel through him;
I'l meet him with ſuch Faith to what I love,
That he ſhall never cheriſh hope in me.
Rhe. I find the Purpoſe now of the Kings kindneſs,
And ſeparating Miſchiefs are Contriving;
Oh *Antelina!* therefore hear me ſwear,
If our intentions ſhould be fruſtrated,
By the deſigns I gueſs in Agitation;
By that moſt glorious Ornament of Heav'n,
Which beautifies the Cœling of the World;
The Moment that I looſe thee, [*Points to his Sword.*
This ends me.
Ant. And here I ſwear by the dear, [*kneels.*
Freedom which this Glaſs contains: [*Pulls out the Viol.*
(Which I deſign'd for eaſe hadſt thou been falſe)
By all the hopes we may not be prevented, if we are,
This Spirit gives me a Releaſe from being.
Rhe. The Gods prevent the fatal proof of it.
Ant. Amen with all my Soul.
Rhe. Your Brother now is with *Oryala,*
Thou art not dearer to my Soul, then is that Name to his;
I promiſed him Aſſiſtance in his Paſſion,
And he has vow'd the ſame where I am Captive;
This Night then Oh! my comfort let's remove,
All fears that may afflict us with our falſhoods.

Ghinotta

Ghinotto *appears in the Balcony.*

Ghi. Ha!

Ant. I fear it will be difficult to do,
For ſince the King has publiſht his Intentions;
The Clergy will refuſe to Licence us.

Rhe. Without the Walls, you know, there is a Chappel,
That is confirm'd to the Worſhip of our Swaines;
There only, and only theirs:
This is their time of Feaſtival and Marrying,
With Rural Sports the Nimphs the Shepherds treat;
And 'tis the cuſtom of that happy Race,
To chuſe their Lovers by their Excellence.

Ant. As how?

Rhe. As thus, their Ceremonies are attended,
With Antick meaſures by the Nimphs performed;
Whoſe motion beſt delights the eye,
Is pitched on for a Bride, the Swain whom
She affects is ſtreight made hers:
So they proceed to others in their turn,
Continuing Celebrating for three daies;
So maſqu'd and dreſt we will perform amongſt 'em,
So choſe the Prieſt ſhall ratify our Vows.

Ghi. They ſhall be ratified to my deſires.

Ant. Then are you conſtant? Oh! you abus'd dear Man,
My fearful Soul with doubts has been perfect;
Perſwaded by my Father thou wert falſe.

Rhe. Would he were half ſo juſt as I ſhall prove,
Were leſs Ambitious. ——

Ant. Or would let us Love.

Rhe. In ſpite of him we will our Loves compleat,
Then Triumph o're the envy of the great;
This night at nine within the *Cyprus* Grove,
Your Father will be buſied then at Court.

Ghi. Do you think ſo?

Ant. Fail not, the everlaſting Peace or Troubles of my life,
Depend upon thy Truth.

Rhe. Off with theſe needleſs fears,
Oh! that the hour were come to Uſher in.

The

The yet untaſted Joys, how I will gaze upon
Thy Charms, and dye in the admiring.

Ant. You muſt not.——

Rhe. What?

Ant. Behold me till to morrow.

Rhe. Ha!

Ant. Virgins have Eyes too tender for the Light,
Prithee excuſe my Modeſty ſome time:
Let us i'th' Dark receive each others Love.

Rhe. Thou ſhalt, I will not ſhame thee with a Lovers
Queſtion, I will not ſpeak to thee; the thought
Of what's to come does almoſt ſilence me;
If apprehenſion has ſuch influence,
How will the real pleaſure wrap my ſence?

Ant. Away.

Rhe. I cannot.

Ghi. I muſt. [*retires from the Balcony.*

Ant. This will not hold thee long;
I ſhall grow Old. [*Embrace her.*

Rhe. Thou wilt be ever Young.

Enter Page.

Page, Madam, your Father and the King.

Ant. Then we muſt part.

Rhe. Adieu.

Ant. Till nine.

Rhe. That happy Hour,
Shall lead our Loves beyond thy Fathers Power.
——— [*Exit. Rhe.*

Ant. Now for this King, O! my Ambitious Father.
Deſtructive greatneſs has bewitch'd his Soul;
And mine muſt be a Sacrafice to gain it:
Hard fate of Children which are bound to love,
Not what themſelves, but Parents do approve.

Enter King and Ghinotto.

Ghi. Tis the ſecureſt way that can be thought of,
About it then uſe all thy Art, my Power,
Or what thou ſhalt think fit. [*Exit. Ghi.*

Ant. How he ſurveighs me?

Ye

Ye Powers that favour conſtant Lovers,
Direct his heart to one not yet engaged.

King, Fair Excellence.

Ant. My moſt honoured Prince.

King, What brings me here, I'm ſenſible you know?
Your Father having told you by my Order;
Oh! ſlight not therefore thou all conquering Maid,
The faithful offerings of a love-bound Heart;
Unhappy only in not being the firſt,
Was taken Priſoner by thoſe reſtleſs eyes.

Ant. Since by your Royal Order I am ſent,
By my one Father here, to wait upon your Pleaſure;
To hear (as you are pleas'd to ſay) your love
Far fitter for an equal Royalty;
With ſuch reſpect I'l entertain your ſtory,
As does a double Duty now require.

King, The entertainment of a double Duty,
Can never ſatisfy my greedy Paſſion:
Oh! give me but your ſingle love to feed on,
'Twill gratifie my Soul Luxuriouſly;
But Duty without Inclination ſerve me.

Ant. To love my Prince I ever was inſtructed,
'Twas in my early grounds of living taught;
And nouriſht by a natural Inclination.

King That love is but an awful Duty ſtill,
Which for a Love like mine I will pay you;
Thus, be Commanded, thus, becomes your Subject, [*kneels*
Thus, ever pay your Tribute as my Soveraign.

Ant. Juſtly you do diſgrace me with this uſage,
Puting my backward Duty in Remembrance, [*kneels*
Of its neglect in doing thus no ſooner.

King, How cunningly ſhe ſeems to avoid my meaning;
Riſe ſubtle Beauty, I know this Part's as hard
For you to act, as me to like:
Throw off this art of diſtance in behaviour,
And give my plain and worthy meanings welcome!
Oh! do not ſhun the merits of my love,
But meet 'em with a generous Gratitude.

Ant.

Ant. Impoſſible!

King, Pity a Prince who never beg'd before;
Nay, never lov'd till *Antelina* charm'd him:
As the rich *Indies* in their ſecret Pride,
Whilſt undiſcover'd flouriſht and were great;
So was my heart till love ſurpriz'd it quite,
My richer Peace was fatally betray'd;
And by thy powerful Beauty captive made.

Ant. The *Spaniards* who that Wealthy ſoil ſubdued,
As the firſt Conquerours ſtill their Title keep;
I was beſieged long time ago by one,
Who came in the perſuit of unknown Land:
It was my heart, he was firſt that found it,
He put ſuch ſtrong Paſſion in the place,
That nothing e're can Maſter it again.

King, Why, I can force thee, ſtorm thee, and deſtroy
His weak reſiſtance and thy obſtinate will;
As eaſily as I can take my Rivals life:
But I by gentler means would gain thy heart,
And mercifully treat ſo fair a Foe;
Prithee reſign.

Ant. I dare not.

King, I will Protect thee for it;
I'l make thee all Ambition can invent,
My Crown, my Glories at thy feet I'l lay.

Ant. I will not yield, tho' for the crime I periſh.

King, Do not provoke my rage,
Think on thy Duty, on my Power.

Ant. They'r great Temptations, but they cannot Conquer,
There's ſomething Irreſiſtable within,
Which baffles reaſon by ſtubborn fancy;
The rules of what we ought to do diſpiſes,
Or coming all with poſitive deſire.

King, When two deſires both poſitive alike,
Meet with a Reſolution to deſtroy each other,
Or bring both to one oppinion;
'Tis certain one muſt looſe,
Mine has a Power to back what it pretends to;

And erring beauty thou shalt find too late
What slighted Love joyn'd with that power can do.

Ant. Alas, I know it makes a dreadful Tyrant,
Yet I will bear its utmost persecution,
Rather than prejudice my plighted Faith.

King, Its Persecution will not light on you;
Suppose I long'd to taste of a fair Fruit,
A sordid Miser would not part with,
Should I for that destroy the Tree that bore it,
No, cut the Keeper off whose interest guards it,
Then satisfie my longings uncontrould.
Rheusanes is the Dragon guards this Tree,
Which e're I can possess, first he must die. [*Exit.*

Ant. He's gone, yet wherefore should I dread him,
Rheusanes interest cannot want Protection,
Nor dare this King without good grounds destroy him;
The hour draws on will make him ever mine,
And banish all my cares: Oh Time,
Thou ever marching, yet untired Spirit
Of unaccountable Eternity, (start from thy
Constant course to help my Love;
Hast but this once, to give my longings ease,
And be as slow hereafter as you please. [*Exit*

Enter King and Oryala.

Ory. I beg it may not be, yet break it off.

King, It must be done, *Oryala,* 'tis too far gone
To be prevented now; you know he has forsaken
Antelina.

Ory. Indeed he has not, Sir, she still remains
The Idol of his heart; 'tis not an hour since
He parted from her with all the assurance of
His constancy.

King, No matter for his Constancy;
You follow my directions;
Embrace the offers which I have propos'd,
Or all your interest to the Crown forsakes you.

Ory. For Honour sake, Sir, let me stand at distance;
Let me not make so mean a Condescension.

King, State Policy enforces me to do it;
He's grown too popular, and shakes my safety,
Unless I do unite his Power with mine.

Ory. What comfort can I hope from one that hates me?

King, I know that you Love him.

Ory. I must acknowledge my desires are towards him,
Did but his inclinations wait on mine.
But when I think of future disrespect,
Hereafter slights, and distant entertainment,
I of my Love will make a Sacrifice,
Rather then wed the least of these Disturbers.

King, When it is done, as well he may curse Heav'n,
As meditate indifference towards thy merit.

Ory. I fear the Event.

King, Whom I Protect methinks should scorn to fear.
No more of these Excuses, but accept it;
Heirs I must have: I will not Marry for 'em,
Unless thy obstinacy force me to it.

Ory. Be witness Heav'n to what I must perform;
I cross my own desire to please yours.

King, About it speedily; if you refuse, consider I must Wed,
Accept, my Crown devolves upon your head. [*Exit*.

Ory. What shall I do? I long, and yet I fear;
Hate him when present, fond of him not near:
Oh! I am lost between these harsh extreams,
Love drives me downward in impatient streams,
And e're a perfect Voyage I can make,
My will against the Rock of Pride does shake,
Ambition storms, and Honour drives me back. [*Exit*.

Enter Ghinotto *at one door*, Dorenalus *at another*.

Ghi. Why this disorder'd carriage in my soul?
Heavy disquiet sits upon his brow,
With an unusual solitude attends:
I will observe him.

Dor. How am I cross'd with that disturber Love?
My wretched Heart 'twixt hope and fear is wracht,

And yet I dare not own what may relieve me.

Ghi. How's this?

Dor. If I should tell her of my sufferings,
This eating Fever which consumes my Youth,
And then instead of pitying, she should scorn me;
Why what a Mock of mankind would it make me;
Who'd Point, and say, That is the haughty Thing,
Who thought his Passion worthy of a Princess,
And fond of the conceit, Undid himself.

Ghi. Dorenalus!

Dor. My Lord.

Ghi. You seem surpriz'd.

Dor. I did not think of any one so near me. *Aside.*

Ghi. You were discoursing with your self *Dorenalus*,
What was the Subject?

Dor. Only contriving something for the Army.

Ghi. Is it in Love then?

Dor. Sir.

Ghi. My Son!

Dor. The Army in Love!

Ghi. Ay in love; you talkt of Passion, Princess, and Conceit,
Are such things proper for an Army?

Dor. Proper for an Army!

Ghi. Ay proper Boy; Why dost thou baulk my Questions
With these shiftings, unmannerly repeatings?

Dor. Duty forbids ill manners to my Father.

Ghi. Give proper answers then.
What is the cause of your Retirement?
Your shunning Conversation?
Somewhat usurps the custom of your Heart,
Which sullys all your manly Qualities.

Dor. We are not always Masters of one Temper,
'Tis as the bloods inconstant method pleases:
For from a Spring the fancy takes her current,
Still changing with its Motion.

Ghi. But sure there is a Reason why it changes?
The Ocean never storms without a Wind,
Nor does hot Ætna burn without a Fire;

But why this strange impertinent argument?
Do you distrust the friendship of your Father?
That Erringly you would conceal your Troubles?

Dor. I never had a thought so base within me;
I was considering on *Rhensures* falshood,
The Injuries my Sister would receive
By his proud Marriage with *Oryala*.

Ghi. He has this Night, in private, sworn to Marry her.

Dor. Whom, Sir, *Rhensures*?

Ghi. Your Sister, 'Tis near his hour of Promise,
And see he's coming this way; although I with the Match,
I will not own it, nor would I have you seen in it,
Let him accomplish his Designs alone,
Least the Displeasure of the King should seize us
I must attend him instantly.

Exit Ghi.

Enter Rhensures.

Rhen. Dorenalus!

Dor. Sir.

Rhe. My friend, what still in sadness?
How does the progress of your Love proceed?
How does *Oryala* take the charming sound?

Dor. By Heav'n I could not tell her that I lov'd her,
My Resolution was with fears o're run,
And I stood gazing only on a Picture,

Rhe. Had you no talk?

Dor. A few uncouth Passages o'th' War,
Joyn'd with the troublesom praise of your deserts
How many excellent faculties were in you
She askt me if you were not brave, noble,
Sincere, gentle, impartial, friendly, pitiful,
I know not what; her whole discourse
All questions were of you, and which
I answered yes to all.

Rhe. Come, leave me to the Sister
Who knows but the exchange may relish
The Passion of the deluded Prince to that height
She may in scorn to me accept thy love,
Thinking thy Greatness may my Ruin prove.

Dor. The hope of that is all my comfort now.
I must attend my Father, who tho' he knows
The depth of your design would have it thought;
He does not; that when the business is declar'd
To th' King, he may with equal strangeness be surpriz'd.
Rhe. Farewel, then till to Morrow;
Oh *Dorenalus!* the fears I have my wishes may,
Miscarry nothing can recompence:
But *Antelina.*
Dor. She is by this time in the *Cypress* Grove,
May secresy and safety wait upon you.
Rhe. Like a Rich Miser with his hoarded store,
Bound to remove it to some distant part;
Which e're he can arrive at must pass through,
All neeessary Waies for Villains purposes:
His fears Transform each Bush into a Foe,
Waiting to Plunder him of all his Wealth;
So will my passage with your Sister be,
But when the uneasie timerous *March* is past,
And I attain my wisht for Home at last:
With greedy Joy my Treasure I'l survey,
Whilst Love shall pass the safe got Hours away.
Exeunt severally. End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dorenalus *meeting a Page.*

Dor. IS your Lord staring?
Page, He's coming forth, Sir.
Enter Rheusines, *They Embrace.*
Dor. Good morning to my Friend, Health to his Pleasures,
May everlasting comfort Crown his choice;
With fresh delights still growing with his dates.
Rhe. Oh! my friend.

Blest

Bleſt be the Obligation made us Brothers;
May thy deſires like mine be gratified,
With all the abundance of a Covetuous Love.

Dor. Let fortune entertain me as ſhe pleaſes,
Since I am ſatisfied my friend is juſt:
Doubly you have oblig'd our Family,
That could forgo ſo charming a Temptation;
To make my Siſter and my ſelf thus happy.

Rhe. Doubly I have obliged my ſelf in that,
Serving my Friend and bleſſing of my ſelf;
The comfortable joys I have receiv'd,
Nothing can match but this enſuing night,
Greedy of Love I curſt the haſty day:
Wiſhing the Sun his Thetis lap might want,
When he moſt long'd to cool his eager fire.

Dor. Lets ſee this happy Bride?

Rhe. I have not that my ſelf nor muſt till the,
King enters; i'th' Dark, I was conducted to her;
And cauſe I ſhould not ſee her in the Morning,
She hurried me into an outward Room;
Begging in whiſpers that I would obey.

Dor. Maids the firſt night are liable to ſhame,
And would not have their baſhfulneſs perceiv'd;
But quickly uſe inſtructs 'em to be bold,
Knowledge inflames what ignorance made cold.

Rhe. You are experienc'd Brother where's the King?

Dor. The King is coming full of his gratitude,
For your great Merrits, the Princeſs too,
They ſay's as fond as he to recompence 'em;
The affected Court looks like a *Theatre*,
Where gaudy greatneſs ſtruts in ample manner;
Each ſeeming Courtier that could credit get,
Looks like an heir of Quality.

Rhe. Tho' to my longings happily I'm match,
I muſt the goodneſs of my Maſter Honour;
Since his intentions were ſo full of greatneſs,
He did ſurprize the Merrits of my ſervice;
As much as he o'reweigh'd 'em,

When

When he the Princeſs offer'd to reward 'em.
Dor. The beſt of Honours Offices you had,
And well he knew 'twas ſhe alone could mend 'em;
Yet, if I thought *Rheuſanes* did repent. ———
Rhe. Repent! You cannot think ſo baſely of your friend,
'Tis an incumbent debt upon our Duty,
To thank the good affections of our Prince;
That when the juſt acknowledgment is made,
The honeſt Conſcience reſts ſecure from cenſure;
So far I'm from repenting what is done,
That had I *Antelina* never ſeen,
With decency I would have ſhun'd the Princeſs.
Dor. Why?
Rhe. Such Royal Matches have to Subjects given,
Fatal Pretentions to diſturb a State:
And private families have factions rais'd,
To queſtion that which if they had a right to;
So much Precedency was then in being,
That probably their diſtant Alienation
Might periſh e're a ſecond heir was Crown'd.
Dor. Theſe Reaſons Oppoſitions are to me,
Not to deſire the Princeſs.
Rhe. If without jealouſie I might perſwade,
I'd beg thee to deſiſt; Oh! my Brother,
Ambitions portion is Tumultuous cares,
Endleſs diſorder, never reſting forecaſt;
Still plotting to maintain their envy'd greatneſs,
And how to make it greater:
Seek out ſome Beauty equal to thy Birth,
Even in temper charming in decent Duty;
Whoſe courteous care ſhall ſtill her Lords attend,
Endeavouring to divert thoſe do diſturb him.

Enter Page.

Page, My Lord the King.
Rhe. Now my Brother let us ſtem this ſtorm,
And fear ſhall ne're diſturb us for the future.
Dor. Twere fit I ſhould retire till the diſcoveries over.
Rhe. Do then, and pray for our ſucceſs. [*Exit. Dor.*

Enter

Enter King, Ghinotto, *Attendants.*

King, Not ready yet *Rheuſanes*? truſt me were ſome to
Wed ſo rich a Bride they would not be ſo backward;
For ſhame more ſpeed.

Rhe. I'm ready, Sir, —— come forth my bleſſing,
I could not looſe a Night of ſo much goodneſs;
My Love o'recame my Manners and my Duty,
Which here I muſt implore a Pardon for. [*kneels.*

King, For what?

Rhe. For ſtealing of a Bride without your preſence,
And tho' the Mercy of my Prince forſake me;
Here is a Father ſure will plead for me.

Ghi. My Lord!

Rhe. My Father, will you not own me, Sir?

King, What means he?

Ghi. I cannot gueſs?

King, *Rheuſanes.*

Rhe. Ay, Sir, *Rheuſanes*, your Loyal Subject,
And that good Mans Son; why art ſo ſlow?
My joy in what muſt be, come forth
And ſtand it with thy Lords aſſurance.

King, Thou art not well, *Rheuſanes.*

Rhe. Never ſo well ſo happy or ſo bleſt,
Since the firſt airing of my ſences, Sir.

Goes and leads in Oryala, *vail'd.*

This is the happy Author of my Tranſport,
Here muſt we ſue for Pardon; here for
Bleſſing. —— [*Points to the* King *and* Ghi.

King, Unvail this Ridle [*She unvails her ſelf.*

Oryala.

Ghi. The Princeſs!

Rhe. Convulſions choak me, [*aſide.*

King, Riſe my intentions Fair,
You might have truſted General your Prince;
I ſhould not have prevented what is done:
Credit me Siſter, you were in haſt for love,
That could not ſtay till morning to confirm it,
But I forgive your ſecreſie, *Rheuſanes*:

And

And here I own thee Brother to the Crown.

Rhe. And Heir to all Misfortune.

King, When were ye Wedded?

Ory. Laſt night, Sir, at the Shepherds Chappel;
We did perform too in their innocent ſport,
And were according to their cuſtom marry'd,
Being diſguis'd as Partners in their Living.

King, Pretty diverſions ſure and innocent:
It ſhews the Emblem of long happineſs.

Rhe. Of long Confuſion. [*Aſide.*

King, Be not diſmay'd, *Rheuſanes,* I am pleas'd.

Rhe. I know it.

King, And for a Proof, my liking is with thine;
Three daies we dedicate to Revelling;
And to divert the intervals of Feaſting,
We'l have the Ceremony of the Swains,
By the beſt Artiſts of our Land perform'd.
And you *Oryala* muſt inſtructions give;
Triumphant pleaſures ſhall our ſtreets adorn;
Our Altars ſhall with richeſt Incenſe burn;
A general Feaſtival the Land ſhall keep,
And waking Joy deny the God of Sleep:
I will give Orders for the vaſt delight,
And wait my ſelf as Brideman to this Night.

Exeunt all but Rheuſanes.

Rheu. A fatal meaning bore that pamper'd ſpeech,
And his pretended Honours for this Match,
Are but as Prologue to his own Performance,
The fancy'd Scene 'twixt him and *Antelina:*
Methinks I bear my loſſes evenly,
With an indifferent Temper till my Ruin,
As if my faculties were tyr'd with raving;
Why ſhould I not curſe out on all above,
To draw a Bolt that might deſtroy the Curſer.

Enter Dorenalus.

Dorenalus comes! why let him come,
No Plague can go beyond the ſtore I have.

Croſſes the Stage looking at Rheuſanes.

Now I am poor indeed; not worth a Word
From him I have moſt wrong'd,
When a brave Soul's oppreſt does it not ſpeak,
Does it not ſtrive to rectifie its wrongs,
With a juſt puniſhment on the Inflictor;
I am beneath his wrath, curſt Wretch indeed,
Too baſe to live, and yet too loath'd to bleed.

Re-enter Dorenalus.

Dor. I cannot go till I have told my wrongs,
How much I ſuffer by his Perjury,
And when I've laſht his Soul with my Complaints,
I'l eaſe my own of care, and of the World.

Rheu. He comes again; Oh! thou juſt fearful heart,
Which trembles like a Wretch who dreads his Sentence,
When his own Conſcience tells him he is guilty.

Dor. Sir.

Rhe. How Awkardly he does affect this ſtrangeneſs!

Dor. General.

Rhe. Again.

Dor. My Lord, *Rheuſanes!*

Rhe. Ridiculous.

Dor. Will you not ſpeak?

Rhe. To whom?

Dor. A Friend.

Rhe. There is but one has Title to that Name,
And him I've too much wrong'd to ſee his face.

Dor. Turn, Oh perfidious! for you cannot ſhun me;
As well may Sinners, at the laſt ſad Day,
Endeavour to obſcure themſelves from Judgment,
As you avoid my Injuries accuſation.

Rhe. What wouldſt thou have?

Dor. I would relate the ſtory of my wrongs,
Than part for ever from thy Perjur'd preſence.

Rhe. Go on then and be quick;
And when you've ſcourg'd me as you think enough,
Send *Antelina* to correct me more.

Dor. Oh! Thou haſt wrong'd that Innocence

Beyond

Beyond the hope of all repentance
To the Gods for mercy.
Rhe. I know't, and therefore do deſpair of any:
Alas, Iv'e ſhaken hands with Hope long ſince,
Have taken leave of Comfort; there's nothing
That's related to Content but I have quarrel'd with.
I have made a League with *Anguiſh* and *Deſpair*;
The Devil drew the Articles, all Hell witneſſed 'em,
And I deſpiſe the malice of the Stars.
Dor. Grown mad! or doſt affect it?
Rhe. Neither; but have I not enough to make me ſo,
To find thee here a worrying of my Conſcience.
To hear thee bark my Perjuries againſt me;
To ſee thy Siſter loſt to all recovery;
To find my ſelf betray'd I know not how;
Yet to be thought deſigner of the Plot,
Would make a mortal temper ſure diſtracted.
But mine's Prodigious!
Dor. This will not do, *Rheuſanes*, I call to mind
Your reaſons lately urg'd 'gainſt my admiring *Oryala*,
Could any but a Husband Preach ſuch Doctrine;
Jealous of loſing what was in poſſeſſion.
Endeavouring to divert my thoughts elſewhere,
The Impoſition is ſo groſs and baſe,
You cannot think me man to hear the Lie.
Rhe. By all my Woes, I am as ignorant as you.
Dor. Impoſſible!
Oh! how you hung on the related Joyes
You had poſſeſt the laſt dear happy night.
With ſuch delight you dwelt upon the Tale,
You taſted 'em again in the deſcription;
Yet Ignorant! Curſes blaſt thee.
Rhe. Do.
Dor. The Curſe of Expectation without ſucceſs,
Of inward Love not daring to diſcover,
The Curſe of Want, with Pride to hide its longings,
Gaul thy falſe heart, and rot thy canker'd Soul.
Rhe. As heartily as home; Oh! for ſome means.

To work him to a height, might make him
Quite forget all bounds and kill me. [*Aside.*
Thou hast done well, disgrac'd my Honour as thy
Heart desir'd; but say no more, lest my rouz'd
Temper should forget all mercy, and pay thy folly
With a sad Revenge.

Dor. If I would fight with you, your Guilt's so great,
Your Sword would never pierce my honest flesh.

Rhe. That shall be try'd, for now I recollect,
Your Sister was before design'd the King's;
And when I askt you to go with me to her,
You did deny it as your Father's Order.
By Heav'n you were assistant in the Cheat;
You were the Bawd, the Mercenary Bawd,
And chaffer'd with Preferment for your Sister.

Dor. Your Oath to this, resembles those you swore
To that deluded Maid.
Asham'd of Life, you would provoke a Death,
To drive you from the Terrors of your Conscience,
Thou hast a Fiend now whispers in thy ear,
Thou art damn'd, Despair and die.

Rhe. Audacious upstart, dar'st thou talk unarm'd?
Draw, or through thy breast I will pursue my Sword,
Till the sharp Point find thy false heart.

Dor. Sooner you'l bury it within that breast;
But here's a faithful one would fain embrace it;
Keep me not on the Wrack thus miserably,
But give the stroke of mercy and relieve me.

Rhe. Thou art a Coward.

Dor. Therefore kill me lest I spoil the *Army.*

Rhe. *A* Slave would sell thy Country for a Dollar.

Dor. Let thy Sword prevent it.

Rhe. Procurer for thy Sister!

Dor. Now revenge thy self for I did steal her
For the King and Robb'd thee.

Rhe. Oh! I desire no more, you Sup this night in Hell,
With all your Sins attending you with Torments;
But first I'l as a Villain and a Coward use thee.

Thus

Thus we deal with Cowards. [*ſtrikes him.*

Dor. Hold thee a Minute.

Rhe. Draw then.

Dor. I will. [*draws.*

And that I may not be provok't by any
Uſage you'l inflict on me, I here reſign
What might protect me from it, [*throws him his Sword.*
Now *Rheuſanes* ——

Rhe. Death, Hell, and Vengance I'l endure no longer,
Come to my Arms thou injur'd Innocence: [*kneels.*
Oh! Pardon, Pardon, my laſt frantick Meaſures.

Dor. Oh! riſe my Lord, and do not mock my Sufferings.

Rhe. By all thy martyr'd Patience it is real;
Nor will I riſe till I hear Pardon from thee.

Dor. For what?

Rhe. I ſtruck thee Friend.

Dor. I have forgot it.

Rhe. Diſgrac't thy Honour.

Dor. I think not of it —— Oh! *Rheuſanes* but no more.

Rhe. Yes, I will talk for ever on thy goodneſs,
Angels Protect and Guide thee in all thy Waies;
And everlaſting happineſs attend thee.

Dor. Now I am happy, the utmoſt I deſir'd was to part
Friends, to make you ſenſible of what you had
Done and then to leave you.

Rhe. Leave me.

Dor. For ever, and for ever, we muſt part,
Oh! *Rheuſanes* to ſtay in ſight of ſuch a loſs as mine;
Would tempt me to do ſomething Baſe and Dammable.

Rhe. Time may alter.

Dor. Nor Time, nor Fate, can alter my condition,
Would the Law ſerve ſo far as to divorce you;
Would the King after give *Oryala*
To theſe (Oh! curſt remembrance) once moſt longing arms;
It would not bear the name of recompence;
The Treaſures gone which I ſo much ador'd,
And tho' ſhe may that ne're can be reſtor'd,

Rhe. Are there no means to help us.

Dor.

Dor. None but parting if thou art Innocent,
The Gods reward thee with ſome future bleſſing.
Rhe. How can you bleſs what you ſo lately Curſt?
Dor. Twas only to provoke you to deſtroy me.
Rhe. My uſage had the ſame deſign on you.
Dor. Farewel.
How hard it is to part with what we Love,
Oh! had the Princeſs never been thy wife;
Had ſhe been any others, had ſhe been lewd,
As the worſt Womans fancy,
This boſom would have given my Troubles eaſe;
But Oh! *Rheuſanes*,
Who will not pitty that ſhall read my end,
Rob'd of my Miſtriſs by my only friend. *Exit. Doren.*
Rhe. Wilt thou not hide me Earth? [*falls down.*

Enter Oryala.

Ory. Yonder he lies; Curſt, Curſt, *Ghinotto*, how haſt
Thou betrai'd me
Thou irreſiſtable and Cruel Power?
Which has ſo partially confin'd my heart,
If you would have it faithful to your Worſhip;
Give ear to the Interceſſion of my Love:
And make me happy in this Lords affection.
For if that ſcorn does ſtill poſſeſs his Soul,
I'l fly to th' refuge of a juſt revenge,
And will deſpiſe thee equal to his ſlights.
Rhe. Oryala, how my Plagues grow upon me!
Ory. Oh! Riſe *Rheuſanes*, is this a Bed for a Royal
Bridegroom.
Rhe. No, but for a Perjur'd one it is
Made wretched by thy means.
Prithee befriend me and withdraw thy terrors;
There are ten thouſand Miſchiefs in thy preſence.
Ory. I am no Baſilisk.
Rhe. Oh! that you were, you would be comfortable to
Theſe Eyes, and eaſe 'em of the Torment of beholding.
Ory. Are theſe the Pleaſures I muſt hope from Marriage?
Rhe. Why didſt thou Marry me? [*Raiſes.*

And

Ory. Becauſe I lov'd, becauſe I could not live
In peace or reſt without you.
Rhe. Oh! you will never with me,
My wrongs to *Antiline* cry for Juſtice;
And Envy grins to ſee me ſo unhappy.
Ory. Oh, *Rhemſaus!*
Rhe. Oh, *Oryala!* I dare not call thee Wife,
It is too much to know thou art that thing.
With what afflictions haſt thou loaded me,
I groan beneath the burthen of my thoughts,
And am not able to endure the Torture!
Hell! Hell that owns me! why doſt let me live!
Ory. Oh! Chide me if you muſt a little gentlier!
I cannot ſuffer theſe unequal Paſſions
From one I Love ſo much.
Rhe. What wouldſt thou have me do?
There is no Medium in my Miſeries;
My Friend to my *Dorenalus* my promis'd Brother;
That Soul of Honour, Conſtancy, and Friendſhip
Have I beyond recovery loſt and ruin'd.
Ory. How have you ruin'd him? I can perceive
No ruin but my own.
Rhe. He lov'd you Princeſs, he indeed ador'd you,
Your Name was his delight, your ſight his food;
I ſwore to him I'd never wrong his hopes,
And the ſame Night for ever ruin'd 'em.
Ory. His Love was only known to himſelf and you,
I could not anſwer what I never knew;
Yet if I had been acquainted with his Love,
You could not think I would have cheriſht it;
You were the only Subject I could ſtoop to,
Look back upon my Generoſity:
Reflect upon my Care for your Preferment,
Private you came unheaded to the Court,
Till my regarding Eye your Perſon choſe,
And to my Brothers favour did preſent you.
Rhe. You have ſold that goodneſs at too dear a Rate.
Ory. Oh! ſay not ſo,

Since

Since you are ſenſible o'th' weight of love,
Pitty what under the ſame load does move;
By all the Joys you coveted laſt night,
When with your eager Arms you Preſt me cloſe.——
Rhe. Thoſe Joys do prove my greateſt Torments,
Oh! if our ſcatter'd Loves have chance to meet,
And fill'd thee with the Image of thy wilhes;
May it be blaſted at its dawn of light,
And ſtifled as 'tis crawling to the World.
Ory. Conſider who I am.
Rhe. Thou art my Wife, my Wretched unintended Wife,
Fortune that Bawd to accidents has
Slurd thee on me.
Ory. I am thy Princeſs too.
Rhe. No, you were, Oh! that you ſtill had born
That awful Name, I ſtill had paid Obedience
To your will; but now I Rule, I Reign,
And Lord it o're thee as becomes my pleaſure;
What haſt thou done? thou haſt ſold thy freedom,
To a Tyrant Husband, who alwaies will miſuſe thee.
Ory. When I intreat again I give thee leave,
Oh! where has all my injur'd Honor ſlept,
Or how have I been charm'd into Submiſſion?
Rouze, Rouze, my temper ſhake thy fondneſs off,
And puniſh the offenders of thy quiet,
Thou little leſs than Man, how I deſpiſe thee?
Rhe. Thou ſomething more than Woman, how
I hate thee?
Ory. By the reſentment of an Injur'd Love,
I will have juſtice done me;
Thou Weed of Nature crept into the Earth,
To Canker and Diſturb the Royal ſeed.
Villain *Ghinotto*, thus to wrong my Honor,
Hadſt thou been Faithful, but I find thee now,
And will prevent thy hopes if poſſible;
The poor deluded and forſaken Queen,
When ſhe beheld her falſe *Enzo* fall;
Felt nothing like the anguiſh of my heart;

Like

Like her I'l die to give my troubles end;
But Monſter think not by my ſelf I'l fall.
Thy *Antelina*, ſhe ſhall be the Pile
On which I'l burn, and as I burn I'l ſmile. [*Exit.*

Rhe. How much we both are wrong'd
By one curs'd Villain, *Ghinotto* is the Inſtrument
Of miſchief, which wrought us to the ruin of
Each other: for Royalty he has his daughter
Kept, and in her room contriv'd this wretched Princeſs.
In what have I offended Heav'n, that it ſhould ſuffer
Such injuſtice towards me. [*Shout.*
Heark! there may be Comfort
In that Aclamation.
Oh! for a general Inſurrection now,
That I might plunge into ſome terrible Confuſion,
Where I might hide my ſelf in multitudes,
And lie forgotten 'mongſt the dirty Crowd.

Enter Antelina. [*Shout.*

Ant. Where e're I go the Joy diſturbs my ears,
That is Proclaim'd for falſe *Rheuſanes* Match;
Theſe Ceremonies once were meant for me,
And all the Land call'd me the Generals Love,
But now his Scorn; Oh, Potent oppoſitions
How have you prevail'd?

Rheuſanes kneels and takes hold on her.

Ha! my deſtruction here ſome Power protect---[*Offers to go*

Rhe. Turn thee, Oh turn, thou injur'd Innocence,
Encline thine Ear to a repenting Sinner;
I'm in a Maze of crooked Miſeries loſt,
Nor can I find the thred that leads to reſt,
Unleſs thy merciful forgiveneſs guide me.

Ant. Pray give me freedom.

Rhe. Gods! what a look was there!
The Sword of Juſtice Threatens in her eyes,
And my Soul fears to look on her again.

Ant. Pray let me go, my Lord;
Suppoſe the Princeſs ſaw you in this poſture,
The Jealouſie 'twould raiſe might fatal prove
And I ſhould be more curs'd than now I am,

And I would be more curſt than now I am,
To make a difference 'twixt man and Wife;
Pray looſe me.
Rhe. I cannot like a poor Wretch whoſe Soul
Has given him Warning; I graſp my hold
With all the wracking cramps of Lifes Convulſions.
Ant. Diſgrace grow to thee.
Rhe. Well ſaid.
Ant. The Curſes that thy Perjuries deſerve,
The puniſhment that's due to thy falſe Sex,
May Heav'n reſerve them all for ſingle Thee.
Rhe. Go on.
Ant. Let me then. [*Pulls to get from him.*
Rhe. Not that way; but in thy Curſes
In thy rage go on; curſe till fierce *Jove*
Thy Combatant ſtep forth and ſtrikes this Villain
Breathleſs at thy feet——Yet ſtay.
Ant. I will not.
Rhe. You ſhall.
Ant. I muſt not.
Rhe. I am innocent; betray'd by Fortune,
By your Father——
Ant. Away.
Rhe. Will you not hear me then?
Ant. Nothing, nothing, the King——
Rhe. The King!
Ant. Ay, the King ſtays for me; ſtays to make me
Great, to make me——Off, or I'll call for help.
Rhe. Then go. [*He lets go.* Exit. *Ant.*
The Pomp you ſeek, wait for you;
I find it all, and yet I am not mad;
Oh! I was born ſure when the Gods were angry;
And in their Rage they fix'd this curſe upon me.
Hearк! I am call'd. [*Muſick Flourriſhes.*
To th' Banquet: I muſt go
With all the unwillingneſs of gaul'd averſion;
But with what Joy ſhould I my Sences Feaſt,
If I were ſure to be a Poyſon'd Gueſt. [*Exit.*

Re-

Re-enter Antelina.

Ant. I did not well to leave him unreſolv'd,
Surely there was ſincerity in's Carriage;
It look'd Romantique, yet it might be real.
He talk'd of Father, Fortune, being betray'd;
My fears provoke me ſtrangely to think ill.
Oh! if their purpoſe ſhould be prov'd, I'm loſt,
With poor *Rheuſanes* equally undone!
What he entreated me to hear, I'l know,
And if I find him cheated, as I gueſs,
I will go Partner in his Reſolutions.

Enter King *and* Ghinotto.

King, Fair *Antelina!*

Ghi. Daughter?

Ant. Sir.

Ghi. Do you not hear the King?

Ant. The King!

King, Once he was ſo, but Love has ſtript him of his Royalty,
Invaded are his vaſt Prerogatives,
By thy depoſing beauty.

Ant. Invaded are my vaſt Prerogatives,
The power I had over *Rheuſanes* heart,
Your rigid pleaſure has undone for ever.

King, My rigid pleaſure!

Ant. Whoſe elſe? Oh! you have undone me!
Upon my youthful hopes ſtampt old Deſpair:
In one pernicious hour ruin'd the purpoſe of my
Labouring Soul, which ſince my eyes could judge,
Pray'd for *Rheuſanes*.

King, You pray'd for one who little did deſerve it,
And ſcorn the only perſon truly loves you:
Would I had been *Rheuſanes*, and he King,
I ne're had left the bleſſings of thy Love,
For all the Pomp o'th' ſpacious Univerſe.

Ant. I fear *Rheuſanes* knew not the Deſign,
But was betray'd into the dark miſtake,
Elſe why was I lock'd up that very hour
I was to meet him to confirm our Vows.

King, Can you believe that Husbands were so scarce,
My Sister wedded him for fear of none.
Gli. How e're his flatteries have prevail'd
Upon your Credulous and inclining heart,
The Cheat is plain to an impartial mind.
King, Were she unprejudic'd, I could produce
Such natural and unerring demonstration
As credit could not shun.
Ant. Could I be satisfied with a belief
Rais'd from a Reasonable and unbyassed Test,
Rheusanes were consenting to the deed ——
King. What recompence shall wait the satisfier,
If I should prove he were the sole Contriver.
Ant. I'll never think on the false Wretch again.
King, May I not hope advancement for my sufferings.
Ant. Oh! Press me not too much;
If you should justifie what you have said,
My Task will be sufficient to forget him.
King, I will not press thee more my long'd for Bride,
But rest in the assurance of his falshood,
Which shall alone plead for me.
Ghi. By Heav'ns I'll force her ——
King, Forbear, *Ghinotto*, and divert a while
My Absence from the Banquet; be free
In welcoming the Bridal Guests, and represent
Your Prince (you Son that shall be, if this
Lady pleases) with an untir'd bounty towards all.
Come hard Believer, if I do not prove
Rheusanes false, I'll quit my claim to Love.
Ghi. Now Princess sink, and Daughter Ride above.

Exeunt severally.

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King *with* Antelina *diſordered.*

King, NOw ſtubborn beauty curſe your ſly diſdain,
Curſe your raſh will which tortur'd me ſo long
With the utmoſt rigour of a proud neglect.
Think not that face nor ſhape above reward,
Nor think that Crowns are Subjects Toys to play with.
Ant. If ever you would have my heart your own,
Let thoſe curs'd hands which forc'd me to diſhonor,
Tear it from whence it ever muſt abhor you.
King, When my fond heart with ſprings of longing leapt,
As it would beat thorough the breaſt it bruis'd,
To reſt upon the Boſom it ador'd.
You ſtopt your ears to my entreating Soul,
And ſcorn'd it as the vileſt in the Land.
Ant. I think it now the worſt that Hell er'e puniſh'd.
King, Think what you will, the Game is now my own,
Nor value I your Curſes or Reflections.
Ant. Doſt thou not dread the fatal conſequence
Muſt iſſue from revealing of this miſchief?
King, Not I;
Were thy ſouls dotage here with all the Army,
Thy Father and thy Brother at their Head,
Had every wrong a Champion from above;
Nay, were thy ſelf before 'em all diſorder'd
In the moſt moving poſture of abuſe,
I'de twine about thee like a curling Snake,
And cling till by degrees I was cut off.
Ant. Heav'n, if I wait, will ſurely do me Juſtice.
King, When firſt I lov'd, I Nobly did deſign,
Nor could your Wiſhes make you more than mine;
But when I found you deaf to my Complaints,

Re-

Reſolv'd *Rheuſanes* ſhould not boaſt my loſs;
I caus'd *Oryala* to perform your Part,
Whilſt your ambitious Father lockt you up
As a reſerve for me.

Ant. Thou breeder of deſtruction.

King, Think you I would have matcht my Siſter
To one did Hate her, and below her birth;
But to remove the obſtructions of my pleaſure,
By the deſires which I have gratified,
I would have ſtak'd my Country, and my Life
To've gain'd the pleaſure I compel'd even now.

Ant. Oh, ruin'd *Antelina*! Wrong'd *Rheuſanes!*

King, Deſpiſe a Slave when you may have his Lord:
Wait not on Fortune, when you may command her;
Give me your Love, and by my own I ſwear,
Thou ſhalt become the Wonder of the World.

Ant. Your Villany has made me thus already.

King, The Eagle ſhall not ſoar above thy Power;
The *Indies* ſhall be Plunder'd for thy ſports,
To keep thy Extravagancies in perpetual Play;
Thy Garments all ſhall be Originals,
The fineſt, and the richeſt Art can finiſh;
I'l have the Sea turn'd off to digg up Rocks
Shall furniſh thee with Gems to blind the admirers.

Ant. And what ſhall wait on this Romantique Pomp?

King, My Love.

Ant. Thy Luſt and Heav'ns eternal loſs;
Wouldſt thou to the Confuſion thou haſt made,
Add my Damnation, Monſter, Vengeance will catch thee.

King, Conſider better, and be better us'd;
Nor do I fear my Subjects, nor the Gods,
If they ſhould puniſh me for this dear action,
'Tis 'cauſe I have enjoy'd the bliſs before 'em.
Once more conſider, weigh well your idle Coyneſs;
And if a juſt repentance I can find,
I may, to quiet what you've loſt, be kind. [*Exit.*

Ant. Do then and end me, Tyrant, Raviſher:
He's gone, and ſo am I from Honour ever gone;

Oh!

Oh! how ſhall I look Vertue in the face,
Or keep my countenance when 'tis accus'd;
My conſcious bluſhes on my cheeks will blab.
And tell the inward touches of my Soul.
Earth, Earth, thou general Mother of all beings,
Let not my evil Footſteps wrong thy bearing,
But take what is too vile to walk upon thee. [*Sits down*

Enter Rheuſanes.

Rhe. 'Tis done, I do believe the happy deed is done:
The King came pleas'd and flushing to the Banquet,
As if the Prieſt had warranted his Joys,
And he had taſted of my *Antelina*.

Ant. Oh! I ſhould know that Voice.

Rhe. What Fate directs me alwaies to this place!
This Melancholy Grove but ſooths me in my Thoughts,
And Drowns me in Deſpair. Or, is't perhaps
That this moſt conſcious Grove nouriſh'd my ruin:
Oh! the happy time!
Even I that am undone: undone by that;
Bleſs thoſe ſo happy, happy moments paſt,
And fond the Memory that makes me wretched.

Ant. Oh, Heav'ns!

Rhe. What means that Voice of Sorrow? do the Woods
Pity me? or is't that mourning Lady!
'Twere vain for me to offer Services,
Or Complement her Miſeries with mine.
If ſhe be truly Wretched, I rob her of her Solitude.
For ſure when Grief grows to that monſtrous height,
That none can equally Comiſerate.
Next to the Quiet Slumbers of the Grave;
To be alone, is all a Wretch would have.

Ant. Oh! *Rheuſanes*!

Rhe. Or my Sence fails, or *Antelinas* voice.
But that's impoſſible. [*Going off.*

Ant. Rheuſanes.

Rhe. Again, Madam, by calling on my Name;
I Judge you think it in my Power to do you Service.
Accept it thus, and riſe from this ſad Place,

I will not truſt my Eyes, it cannot be
What *Antelina* and without the King;
Or is this grief becauſe without the King.
Ant. Unkind *Rheuſanes* do I merit this.
Rhe. Why, Madam, I can gueſs no other Cauſe;
Yet Oh! my *Antelina*, if e're you Lov'd,
As often you have Sworn you did *Rheuſanes*;
Not all the Royalties that deck a Throne,
Nor the gay Bridegroom King with all his honors,
Not in your Arms, nor in the unſpeaking Minute of delight,
Shall give you half that Peace or Calm your Soul,
Equal to what beneath Yon Mirtle Tree,
You own'd with Tears of Joy you felt from me.
Ant. I know thy Truth and that thus ſinks my Soul,
Rhe. She faints, Oh! thou Epitome of Heav'n return,
Revive my Love, my Life, my *Antelina*.
Ant. Ah! me, if you would e're have Peace.
Wake me no more.
Rhe. Oh! if thou knoweſt my Truth,
Live only to Convince me of thy own;
That *Antelina* Loves the the loſt *Rheuſanes*,
And my Soul ſoars immediately with thine.
Ant. How can your Eyes ſo careleſly ſurveigh me?
Rhe. What ſaieſt thou?
Ant. Do theſe torn Robes and hair look well, *Rheuſanes*.
Rhe. Hh!
Ant. Should you meet one thus Ruffled on a Road,
Stretcht on the Ground or faſtned to a Tree,
Would you not judge they had been Rob'd, *Rheuſanes?*
Rhe. Horrours eternal choak my eager thought,
And ſtifle my unnatural Suſpition;
I will not gueſs at all, go on, be plain,
What meaneſt thou by a Road, bound to a Tree, or Robd?
Ant. When e're a Shepherd leaves his tender Flock, B
Does not the Wolf devour the helpleſs Lambs?
Rhe. Yet Plainer.
Ant. Let my Original diſorder ſpeak.
Rhe. Enough, Enough, ye Mighty, Merciful good guards

Of

Of innocence and vertue 'tis enough:
Give me thy hand, thou beautiful decay,
Let us ſit down like Children quite undone,
And pratle o're the falſhood of our Guardian,
Thy Father. —— Oh, do not turn away;
That wretched motion does inform too much.

Ant. Oh, my *Rheuſanes*, I own I ſin to look you in the face,
So vile am I: But pity me,
If threatned and entreated by a Father,
Urg'd by the wrong I thought you had done my Love,
And tempted by a Prince I ſeemed to accept
What as I wiſh for Heav'n my Soul ſo abhor'd,
I would have choſe the vileſt Death on Earth,
Rather than live, *Rheuſanes* being loſt,
The greateſt Empreſs ſtory e're could boaſt of.

Rhe. Oh, diſmal ſound!
The only bleſſed news I wiſh'd to hear,
Doubles the wrack of my deſpairing Soul,
And marks me for a Wretch to future times:
Hadſt thou been falſe, Time, or a juſt reſentment
Might have cur'd: but now my ſpiteful fate
Has made a flaw, not Heav'n it ſelf can mend;
Nor do I fear a Curſe, nor ask a Bleſſing.

Ant. Oh *Rheuſanes!*

Rhe. Speak on, ſpeak all, for I'd be more a wretch,
Admire the witty cruelties of Heav'n,
And wonder at the newneſs of their Curſe.

Ant. My Father!

Rhe. Curſes blaſt him! Hearк, I hear ſome coming,
Perhaps the King, to appeaſe a ſecond time;
His preſſing blood retire my Love,
And when I call,
Approach.

Ant. Oh, hide me where I never may be found. [*Leads her off.*

Rhe. Now for this luſtful brand,
This Fire that bliſter'd *Antelina*'s vertue.

Enter Ghinotto.

By the fell Author of her Miſeries,
It is the greater miſchief.

Ghi. The King with Joy deals round the brim-swel'd goblets,
His Gay behaviour signifies success;
But he's engag'd so strictly with his Guests,
I cannot know the full particulars.

Rheusanes *takes him by the Shoulder.*

Rhe. Ghinotto, tho' I know thee Ambitions dotard,
Yet not so blinded, but thou can'st Judge,
What Death deserves that Execrable Dog,
Who would to please a bold Hot Blooded *Prince*,
Expose the unspotted Honour of a Daughter.

Ghi. What Death? Equal with him, the unambitious Fool,
Who would to please the fondness of a Girl,
Refuse to be the Father of a Prince?

Rhe. Are not Vows binding, do we mock the Gods,
When our Protestings summon 'em to Witness,
Whether our Words keep measure with our Hearts?
Have you forgot, when to the Wars I went,
You joyn'd my *Antelinas* Hand and mine,
And blest me as yours? Have you forgot,
When on my Sword, I Swore Eternal Faith?
You made her Kneel, and Kiss the hollow blade:
Preferring me to any Prince on Earth.

Ghi. The Princess was not nam'd Perfidious, Man!
Do you upbraid my Wrongs, or flout my Age?
Your fiery Pride, Young Conqueror, rides so high,
'Twill throw you on your Back: your false
Deluding Tongue, the Tricks you us'd to break the
Match, and *Antelinas* Peace, shall mount her to a Throne:
A Diadem my Daughter shall adorn.
Oryala and thou shalt be her Scorn:
Thy slighted Passion, shall at distance move:
It shall be Treason, but to own thy Love,
Whilst the most favour, thy poor State shall meet;
Shall be to pay Obedience at her Feet.

Rhe. Rage keep thy Bounds, and Oh instruct me Gods,
Which way to satisfy my Love and Honour,
And not destroy this Murd'rer of 'em both.
Upbraidst thou me with breaking off the Match?
Does not thy base Heart know its own Contrivance?

Ghi,

Ghi. Vain Lord, thy threats are vain; my Heart know this,
Its Blood run cheary now, as 'ere it did, nor to
Be child with words, but ſenſible of Wrongs.
Apt to revenge, and with this wither'd Arm.
To juſtifie the Honour of my Name.

Rhe. The Honour of thy Name: Ha! ha——

Ghi. Ay, upſtart Prince, the Honour of my Name
Equal with thine, much dearer than my Life,
And precious as the Off-ſprings of my blood.

Rhe. Pretious indeed, and yet by Hell 'tis ſold.

Ghi. By whom?

Rhe. By thee.

Ghi. Thou Ly'ſt.

Rhe. Thus quarrel Boys and Girls:
Thou twice a Child!

Ghi. Thou not beyond it yet.

Rhe. Who left his Daughter here?

Ghi. I did.

Rhe. To meet the King.

Ghi. On purpoſe?

Rhe. To hear his Love.

Ghi. Ay, and receive it too.

Rhe. He has been here *Ghinotto.*

Ghi. I'm glad on't.

Rhe. He has made Love too.

Ghi. Better.

Rhe. High, mighty, preſſing Love.

Ghi. More like a Prince.

Rhe. More like a Fiend of Hell. [*Fetches her in.*
Come forth thou Sacrifice to his Ambition,
And with thy Ruins ſink his haughty Soul.

Ghi. My Child!

Ant. My Father.

Ghi. What mean theſe ſwoln Eyes, this torn Hair,
Theſe ruffled Garments, theſe all marks of Horror?

Ant. The King.

Ghi. Shall do thee right for this affront:
Tell me the Authors.

Ant. Oh! he can never do me right.

Ghi. Why, Child, I know he Loves thee.

Ant. So loves a Goatish Satyr of the Woods,
A wandring Virgin of *Diana*'s Train,
When to his Den, he Hurries her by force,
And Grins at her Resistance, and her Prayers.

Ghi. Ambition, Oh Ambition! thou Nurse of Mischief;
How thou hast lash't my Pride. [*Aside.*

Rhe. What say'st thou now *Ghinotto*, does not this Object
Make thy inwards Sweat? Does not her Tears?
Pierce through thy yielding Pores, and scald thy Heart?
Can'st thou be still, when such a Wrong provokes?

Ghi. Is this the Coronation of my Daughter,
Villain *Ghinotto*? Curse thy self alone:
Accomplice, Cause Author of thy Disgrace;
Nor look on him whom next Heav'n must revenge,
And equally with Heav'n thou hast abus'd.
The Armies his, and sure a Cause like this,
Will shock the Loyalty I know he bears.

Ant. Oh! Father!

Ghi. Peace Girl, a while; and I will do thee Justice.
Rheusanes, 'tis now no time to ask you Pardon:
Nor can my Life afford me time enough.
The King and I: mark me, the King and I,
Are equally concern'd in thy undoing.
Oh! do me Justice there, I'le give thee
Ample satisfaction here.

Rhe. Let me Reflect.
The Man who made this Wretch of Poor *Rheusanes*,
Lives still, and I must honour him; he is my Prince,
Therefore I must not meditate revenge,
Or Compensation just to such a Wrong:
Because he is my Prince: Nay, by my Soul,
That Name aws me so much,
That had he stript me bare of all my Honours:
Reduc'd me to the meanest State of Life:
Nay, took my Life, and that the Vilest way,
I could have blest him still, and bore it all.

Ghi. I have heard him boast your Loyalty indeed:

Own

Own you the Prop, and Honour of his Kingdom.
Yet there lies your reward. [*Points to Ant.*
Rhe. Nay, had he attack'd me in that tender part,
And knowing that my Life twiſted with hers:
Had Stab'd her at my Feet, my Blood might
Sally me to ſome raſh thought, which ſoon I
Should have griev'd for on my Knees, to have begg'd
The Favour of a Second Stab. Thus would I treat
His Cruelties with Life, the utmoſt ſtake a Mortal
Has to looſe.
Ghi. And charg'd by Heav'n, and Nature to Protect;
To Right if Wrong'd by any mortal Power.
Rhe. But Sacriligiouſly to ſpoil my Love:
To violate the Altar of my Vows, he has Stab'd my
Soul, nor can your vain Eliziums do me Right:
A Melancholy poor Dithonour'd Ghoſt;
Abandon'd, Branded, Scorn'd by Noble Souls,
And ſhun'd by *Antelinas* ur reveng'd.
Ant. Where then, Oh! where ſhall *Antelinas* fly?
In what dark Manſion, cover her Diſgrace?
A Raviſh'd Virgin in a ſtranger VVorld;
VVhere bold *Rheuſanes* durſt not ſhew his Face.
Ghi. By Heav'ns, the Cods ſit ſmiling at our Follies,
And mock at our Ridiculous Enduring.
Rhe. Oh Father! [*Leans on him.*
Ghi. Oh! do not Sink my Soul with ſo much goodneſs:
I loath the VVorld, I hate my ſelf for Living;
To find thy Blood, aw'd with the Name of King:
Baulk a Revenge, would make me Young again:
Nor can I hope it from my Arm alone.
The Conſcious King has Guards enough,
To Fence him from my Rage: which ſhall end here.
Rheuſanes, I told you, and I own it once again:
The King and I, only the King and I,
made thee the VVretch thou art:
Thy Honours Stab'd in his hot Blood, and Luſt,
And thus in Blood muſt pay thee, if he's juſt. [*Offers to ſtab himſelf.*
Rhe. Oh! hold *Ghinotto*, I vow Revenge;
Live and look up, ſuch Revenge as our

Lean Sorrow ſhall grow Fat withal :
Live and look up.

Ghi. Reſt not my Dagger then, but leave it with its Maſter.

Ant. Swear not to uſe it then.

Ghi. Not to my Death I vow.

Rhe. Thus joyn then Hands with me in a revenge [*Kneel.*
Lucretia, *Brutus*, *Collatine*, and all the glorioufly reveng'd.
Immortal Souls, inſpire the equally abus'd *Rheuſanes* ;
And Promp't this Noble Fury in my mind.

Ghi. Oh ! *Rheuſanes*, riſe not yet, accept this
Moyety of Blood I pay you ; and Daughter Swear, Swear,
Since the World, Man, Woman, Child, and all ſhould join
In ſuch a Cauſe, Thou'lt have revenge, the King and I,
We owe ye blood my Children : Oh ! Lend me
But my Eyes to ſee him bleed here on this Spot
I make this ſolemn Vow, where thy dear Honour lies ;
In thy Fathers Blood, I'le pay the due juſt Forfeit :
Of my Life !

Ant. And as I winde
This Linnen round your Arm, to ſave
The Noble drops, which feed that Life :
I Swear no opportunity ſhall ſcape,
In which I may revenge my Virgin Loſs.

Rhe. Come to my Arms, thou noble Penitent, [*To Ghi.*
And Oh thou precious Rack of my ſad Fate : [*To Ant.*
Cleave to my Soul ;
Ye Gods, which know no difference of Men ;
But Ride in Clouds, Kings over Earthly Kings :
I claim revenge : Look down upon our Sorrows :
And if in oppoſition to your Law ;
My Sword againſt my Soveraign I draw.
Oh ! Cruſh this Young Rebelling in its Birth :
Some Judgment ſtrike this Traytor to the Earth.
But if as you've thought fit in former Times,
By mortal Hands, to puniſh mortal Crimes.
Help me my injur'd Honour to redreſs :
Crown all my Undertakings with Succeſs.
Reſentment does my blood to Action charm,
Revenge inſpires the Glorious Alarm,

And

And Conqueſt waits the Thunder of my Arm.

Enter Dorenalus. *Exeunt.*

Dor. What is there in this World, ſhould make men fond
Of breathing in its falſhood : Our inclinations
Always are deny'd, or if we think to morrows Joy
Shall make amends for this days Sorrow : ſome
Evil accident does Intervene, and our Intentions
Still are interrupted : Oh ! we were loſt ſure in the
Primitive folly, ſince the firſt Man allow'd the
Woman Will, we have been the Sexes May-game,
And Deriſion, and Fortune, which does favour
None but Fools is conſtantly their Champion :
The only thing our griping Fates allow'd,
To the ſore Prentiſhip of Woes we're bound to,
Was healing Friendſhip ; and that now is moſt
Corrupted and uncertain found. How happy
Did that Surly Cynick live, who knew no Joy,
Nor Grief beyond the want or preſence
Of the Sun?

Enter Ghinotto.

Ghi. Dorenalus ?

Dor. My Father.

Ghi. The ſame, are we alone ?

Dor. Why, Sir?

Ghi. Cauſe I have buſineſs, that's a ſecret boy.
You know there are many private Nooks about
The Court, and at this time of Night, Young wanton
Girls Sculk with the Lords in Corners for inſtructions :
And I am loath to Sing, whilſt they beat time.

Dor. I cannot Sound you Sir.

Ghi. But I, will thee, I have a Plumet to a Line of wrongs,
Will reach thy Heart, were it as deep as the
Unfaſhioned Sinkings of the Ocean.

Dor. I have a Heart, which to a Noble wrong,
VVill ſwell, and ſave the ſounding of it.

Ghi. VVell ſaid, then hear me, and ſtop one Ear ;
Leaſt it fly from thee, thy Siſter ?

Dor. VVhat of her ?

Rhi. Is Raviſh'd baſely, ſeduc'd, and Raviſh'd by the King.

Dor.

Dor. The King.

Ghi. Ay the King, that Eſſence of Brutality;
Has Rob'd her of her richeſt Portion.

Dor. We may revenge, but ne're retreive the wrong.

Ghi. That's right, but how? how to revenge that we muſt Study.

Dor. Why thus?
I long have Doted on *Oryala*,
My quiet long has been at Pawn for her;
Now I have Power to gratifie my Love,
And pay my Siſters loſs.

Ghi. As how?

Dor. I'l Raviſh her.

Ghi. Wilt thou?

Dor. By all her Scorn I will,
I'l force her till tyr'd Nature does refuſe;
And my deſire is baffled by my Weakneſs.

Ghi. I feel my Vitals ſicken at this Motion,
Yet I could have provok't him to this deed;
Had I not made a league with brave *Rheuſanes.*

Dor. What ruminate you on, Sir?

Ghi. Don't you Conſider ſhe's *Rheuſanes* Wife.

Dor. I do: and for that very reaſon do reſolve it,
Conſider who has blaſted all my hopes, *Rheuſanes*;
Who left my Siſter ſlighted openly, *Rheuſanes*;
Who was the occaſion of her Treacherous Rape;
Rheuſanes ſtill, for had he faithful prov'd,
Your Daughter had been happy, and *Oryala* in time,
Might have been wrought to anſwer my
Entreatings.

Ghi. I muſt inform him better, tho' the diſcovery ruins,
What I long for, the General was betray'd in all;
This Action by the Kings luſt contriv'd to take,
The Princeſs that he might eaſier compel
My Daughter.

Dor. By Heav'n you've eas'd my Spirits of a load,
Lay heavier on 'em than the Love that wrackt 'em;
Now as the Kings relation I will force her,

And

And as he has ſow'd his Poiſon in our Blood,
I will corrupt with equal Pleaſure his.

Ghi. So far 'tis well; nay farther, I'll proceed:
Rheuſanes hates her as I do the King:
Nay, could he live till Time did reſt his Glaſs,
He would not own her.

Dor. Oh! how I'll ſurfeit in the Luſcious Joys:
His Luſt has made my Siſter's Honour bleed;
Mine in *Oryala* ſhall match the Deed. [*Exit.*

Ghi. His Blood is in a Flame, and as a Fire
Long ſtifled, having Vent, breaks out with fiercer,
More conſuming Haſt, ſo does his Paſſion,
Whilſt all my little Oppoſitions mov'd,
Serv'd as Combuſtibles to feed its Fury.
Oh *Virginius*! How happy was thy Arm
That fruſtrated the luſtful Will of *Appius?*
Like him, I to the Army will retire,
And to redreſs my Wrongs their Aid require. [*Exit.*

Enter Rheuſanes *with a Dagger.*

Rhe. Now is the Time, now all within is faſt:
The buſy feaſting Gueſts are cloy'd with Riot,
And glutted into Sleep: The King himſelf long
Time ago retir'd, remorſleſs went to Reſt, as if
Some Angel rock'd him to Repoſe:
My *Antelina* too,
Doz'd with her Wrongs, has ſigh'd her ſelf to Quiet.
Oh Sleep! thou only Cordial, next thy Neighbour Death,
For injured and diſorder'd Souls, how feign would I
Enjoy the: This only takes Poſſeſſion of my Heart;
This careful Tenant ſtrictly will repair what
Time has run to Ruin; but e're I make it Maſter
Of my Life, it muſt have a Lodging in the Heart
O'th' King.

Enter Dorenalus.

Dor. I find my Spirits falter in this Action,
For when my Will is urgent to go on,
Againſt the Barr of Friendſhip it recoils;
Which bruiſes my Intentions.

Rhe. I hear'd a Voice, ſure.
Dor. If I ſhould raviſh her——
Rhe. By Darkneſs, 'tis King contriving to regal,
His Luſt again; bleſs'd be the Means that keeps
Me undiſcover'd, and the Occaſion brought me to
O'er hear him.
Dor. She is *Rheuſane*'s Right, altho I love her;
The Word Revenge will give no Countenance,
For wronging of my Friend:
I hitherto have kept my Name untainted;
Why ſhould I then out of a raſh hot Fit,
Loſe in a Minute, what my Life has toil'd for.
Rhe. What, does he mutter now?
Dor. I will not Raviſh her.
Rhe. Thou ſhalt not, if *Rheuſanes* can prevent it:
Up thou, unus'd to Miſchief for a Moment;
And forth thou never failing Inſtrument of Slaughter:
My Hand embrace thee with its former firmneſs,
And by Inſtinct let me find out his Heart.
Dor. Who e'er thou art, [*Runs* Dor. *through*.
Dorenalus huggs thee for this mighty Favour.
Rhe. Miſtakes confound me, what is it I hear, within
There, Treaſon, Murder, Lights, you Sleepers.
Enter Gentlemen. Lights.
Gent. It was the Prince's Voice.
Rhe. Oh! lend a courteous Glance this way, it cannot
Be my Friend ſure.
Dor. Never ſo much thy Friend as at this Hour.
Rhe. How have I trac'd the Footſteps of Deſtruction.
Away with your unwelcome Witneſſes.
Dor. Oh! 'twas Charity to end my Life,
When you deny'd me Nouriſhment to keep it.
Rhe. Yet ere thy Soul forſake thee, let me clear it:
I was betray'd by thy ambitious Father,
Who plac'd the Princeſs, as thy Siſter, for me:
Diſguis'd and ſilent we perform'd the Deed;
And when I brought her home to feaſt on Love,
She ſwore I ſhould not taſt it in the Light:

Pretended

Pretended Virgin Modeſty refus'd;
So by the Aſſiſtance of the fatal Darkneſs,
I graſp'd her as the Longings of my Soul.

Dor. I do believe thee: Oh! Death hunts my Soul,
And drives it from its mortal Manſion.

Rhe. I thought it was the King now in thy place,
Hearing thee talk of Raviſhing;
Thought 'twas ſome freſh Deſign upon your Siſter,
Which my miſtaking Arm endeavour'd to prevent.

Dor. I am ſatisfied, and pray be you; I never meant you Ill;
Wickedneſs once invaded my fallen Temper,
But I at laſt o'ercame it, Oh *Rheuſanes!*

Rhe. What are thy laſt Deſires?

Dor. Take Pity on my Siſter, and keep her from the future
Evil of this curſt *Tarquin* has diſhonoured her.
I'm going, and if to Happineſs I am preferr'd,
I will entreat for Thee. [*Dies.*

Rhe. Bleſſings unenvi'd wait upon thy Soul,
And mount it to the Glory it deſerves:
Remove this Body to my Chamber,
And over it I will lament its Fate.
Heaven! Thou haſt ſhewn thy Care on thy Vicegerent,
And in my Bloom of Wickedneſs haſt cropt me:
Ghinotto work'd upon my yeilding Soul;
When it was dull'd with ſuffering then he prey'd on't;
But ſadly have I anſwer'd the Offence,
Slaying his Son in aiming at my Prince.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp. Several Souldiers appear confuſedly.

1ſt. Sould. A Pox o'theſe peaceable Times, we ſhall certainly be ſtarv'd in 'em.

2d. Sould. A Pox on our Folly for ſuffering peaceable Times, have we not the Power in our own hands?

1ſt. Sould. For what?

2d. Sould. Why, to make what time we pleaſe: Mutiny, my dear Doggs.

Corp. A Plague upon thoſe who let us beat 'em ſo ſoon; neither is there an Officer deſtroy'd, not ſo much as a fat Serjant, or a lean Enſign; no Hint of a Hope for a Vacancy to any mans Merit.

2d. Sould. Why look you, Corporal, our nearneſt way to Preferment, (ſince they will not die in the Field, nor decently of themſelves) is to make Miſchief among 'em, and let 'em deſtroy one another.

Corp. Ay, but they won't take our Words for't; Superiours have found out the Tricks of Inferiors, and have made an Agreement, tho Truth, not to mind it.

2d. Sould. But why muſt we be kept in our own Country? If we were abroad we might plunder.

Corp. We ſteal here, which is all one.

2d. Sould. No, 'tis not, for we are hang'd for it.

1ſt. Sould. Hark, you fellow Souldiers, now cannot I for my Blood underſtand why this is our own Country; I'll be choak'd if there be a man among us has a Foot of Land in it.

2d. Sould. No more than he ſtands upon. Well, 'tis a brave thing to be an Officer.

1ſt. Sould. What becauſe you can march Five Miles on Horſeback?

2d. Sould.

2d. Sould. No: But to be even with the Government.

Corp. As how, old Dry-Bobb?

2d. Sould. Why, as we march'd from our Quarters, we came through the City to the Camp; and a turbulent Dogg that was gaping to ſee us as we paſt by his Shop, cry'd out, *Ay, there goes the Plague o'th' the Nation*: His Wife ſtrait reply'd, *The Comforts, you Block-head.*

Corp. So.

2d. Sould. The Captain immediately tip'd her the Wink,
And made him a Cuckold before it was dark.

All. Oh brave Captain!

1ſt. Sould. Nay more; She has promis'd on her Honour,
To be reveng'd on her Husband, ſhe'll bring,
All the Females of both Generations,
For the Uſe of our Regiment.

Corp. Then the Government's ſetled again.

2d. Sould. No; prithee let's Mutiny, for I am damnable Hungry.

1ſt. Sould. Well then let's Mutiny, for my Heart's e'en (broke:
We've abundance of Victuals upon the Plain,
But the Devil a bit on the Spit.
Would it not make a man mad, to ſee a Flock
Of Sheep grazeing at the head of one's Regiment,
Baaing and making Mouths at us, whilſt we
Dare not cut their Throats for the Affront.

Corp. Ay, or to ſee a Battalion of Oxen march by
In State, and dung at our Tents Mouths, yet muſt
Not knock 'em down to teach 'em better Manners.

2d. Sould. I ſay Mutiny.

All. Ay, Mutiny, mutiny.

Corp. Ay, but for what? Pox on't we have our Pay;
If they would but ſtop our Pay once,
The Devil ſhould not ſtop our Mouths.

1ſt. Sould. Then Corporal we'll Mutiny for our Rights and Privileges.

2d. Sould. To kill and take what we like.

1ſt. Sould. Ay, and to eat and keep what we kill.

Corp. Right, here they ſend us abroad to be knock'd on the Head, When

When they have nothing to do for us at home.——

2d. Sould. Elſe knock us on the head, and ſtarve us at Home.

1ſt. Sould. When there's nothing to do for us abroad.

2d. Sould. 'Twould be a pretty Sight to ſee us run away,
Like *Moſes*'s Lions at the crowing of a Cock.

1ſt. Sould. Or loſe the Field as the Capitol was ſav'd,
By the gagling of a Gooſe: Ounds I ſay Mutiny.

Corp. The Devil take it, this will never ſerve for an
Occaſion; I am not ſo unreaſonable to deſire
A juſt one, if we had any.

Enter Collonel and Two Officers.

But mum! here comes the old furious Collonel
With Two Officers; they'll wonder what a Plague
We all do together: Now will half of us be hang'd,
To confeſs whether the reſt had any Deſign,
To mutiny or no.

Coll. Theſe Fellows have ſome Miſchief in their minds;
A fit time this to work 'em to our Purpoſe;
My old tough Heart melts at my General's Wrongs;
There needs no Oratory in this Tale:
In downright Words I'll tell how he's abus'd;
And downright Blows can only do him Juſtice.
Why, how now fellow Souldiers?

Corp. Ud's Death, the old Rogue's in a good Humour.

Coll. What, wiſhing for the Wars? You hate to be idle,
When a brave Action calls.

1ſt. Sould. And under your Honours Command.

Coll. My Command! Under the Generals, my
Fellow Souldiers, the brave *Rheuſanes*;
He that firſt fleſh'd your Swords in Conqueſt,
And march'd you o'er the Ruins of your Foes:
Rheuſanes; He, that Father to us all,
Who now, by me, to crown his laſt of Deeds,
Bequeaths the *Grecian* Generals Pavillion;
With all that Maſs of Riches, his by Lot;
Without one Doyt to any nigh Relation;
But all to you, his ſtout bred Sons and Heirs.

All.

All. Humm.

Coll. Whil'ſt he, tho bold as Juſtice e'er made Man;
Injur'd to that prodigious height he is
Reflecting on his Duty to his Maſter,
Retires to mourn alone at his Diſgrace.

Corp. How Colonel! The General diſgrac'd! that
Muſt not be; here's an Occaſion you Doggs——

Coll. If after all his Service to his Countrey,
To have a Wife ſlurr'd on him by his Prince,
Or ſee his Miſtreſs raviſh'd 'fore his Face,
Be a Diſgrace, 'tis his.

2*d. Sould.* How, raviſh my General's Miſtreſs!

1*ſt. Sould.* Who was it Collonel? For we'll make an Eunuch
Of him, and he ſhall marry her after.

2*d. Sould.* And then we'll come in for Snacks.

Corp. We'll tear him Piece-meal.

Coll. Away ye giddy-headed Slaves, it was the King.

2*d. Sould.* And ſure the King may raviſh whom he pleaſes.

Corp. Hark Rogues! a rare Opportunity;
Did any of you ever ſee the King?

2*d. Sould.* Not I.

1*ſt. Sould.* Nor I.

Corp. Nor you don't know the King, if you ſee him?

Omn. Not we.

Corp. Then take my word for't *Rheuſanes* is your King.

Omn. Rheuſanes, Rheuſanes!

Coll. Forbear ye Rebels, or I'll hang ye all:
Rheuſanes is no Prince, he was indeed your General;
Your much abus'd Commander.

1*ſt. Sould.* I ſay he's our King, the other Fellow has been
ſo long enough. (Prince,

Corp. Ay, ay; Therefore, I ſay, let all who love their
Rheuſanes, or their Corporal, draw their Swords.

Omn. Rheuſanes, Rheuſanes. [*They all draw.*

Enter Ghinotto.

Coll. They're finely wrought, ſee here, behold the Father.
Of the unhappy Lady, and your General's Miſtreſs:
Poor Man he weeps.

2*d. Sould.*

2d. Sould. Truly he has had a very ſad time on't.
Coll. Do you not know this Face? can fifteen Years,
Such Alteration make? Can you forget
Your Major General?
Corp. The Noble *Ghinotto.*
Ghin. That wretched thing am I.
But why in Arms my old well try'd Acquaintance?
Coll. Warm'd with my General's Wrongs and yours;
O'my Conſcience I think we're grow all Rebels.
Ghin. Indeed our Wrongs will call for a Revenge,
And juſtify it any way but that:
But ſure the King commands in what he pleaſes:
Were he my Equal, I'd ſcorn to ſhew
This baſe diſhonour'd Head;
Till I had fix'd my Dagger in his Heart,
Deep as the Wound it gave this wretched Arm,
Which came too late to ſave my Daughter's Honour;
And ſtop the Hell-bred Fury of his Luſt.
Corp. Look you Fellow Souldiers: This Lord has been
A brave Fellow, has led us out and brought us home,
With Honour, his Son's the General's Friend,
And a kind Officer; therefore for all their Sakes,
I cry Revenge.
Omn. Revenge, Revenge.
Ghin. My Son alaſs;
That precious Comfort of my unhappy Age;
Whom you are pleas'd to call the General's Friend,
The Tyrant has deſtroy'd.
2d. Sould. We loſe Time, Sir. [*Pulls the Colonel.*
Coll. The General perhaps may be ſo too:
His Daughter in his Abſence forc'd again,
And by Degrees we all may feel his Envy.
Corp. On, on Sir.
Coll. Nay more——
2d. Sould. We'll hear no more.
Coll. I ſay the King.
1ſt. Sould. Ounds will you lead, Sir.
Coll. I will, and let us wear our Injuries on our Swords,

Nor

Nor ſheath 'em till we wholly are redreſt,
But rather periſh in our juſt Endeavours.

1ſt. Sould. Plunder, Sir.

Coll. Do any thing, the City ever were our Enemies,
Tho we have ſav'd their Freedoms and Eſtates.

2d. Sould. March then.

Ghin. Fight as ye all had Daughters to relieve.

Coll. Or Fight like men condemned for a Reprieve.

Corp. All Wives, by my Conſent, turn out of Doors.

1ſt. Sould. Then I am ſure the Cits will have no Whores.

[*Exeunt hollowing.*

SCENE. II.

Enter King and a Gentleman.

King. *Dorenalus* kill'd by a Miſtake i'th' dark, and by *Rheuſanes*?

Gent. Here in the Gallery, Sir.

King. *Ghinotto* fled to th'Army too?

Gent. Yes, Sir.

King. Arriv'd there?

Gent. So writes my Brother, Sir; he has ſome ſmall Employment in your Forces, and thought it was his Duty to inform your Majeſty.

King. Send to him either to ſeize or elſe diſpatch the Villain, and I'll preferr him for his Loyalty.

Gent. I ſhall, Sir.

King. Give order too *Rheuſanes* be ſecur'd;
Let him not ſtir beyond the Princes's Lodgings:
Confine *Ghinotto*'s Daughter too;
In the Anti-chamber keep her till I come.

Gent. It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit Gent.*

King. 'Tis good to make 'em ſure:
Or let the worſt my Fears can threaten come;
Let this *Ghinotto* with the Army march

Up to my Palace Gates; I eaſily can quell
The Rebel, if I accept his Daughter for my Bride;
But it muſt come to that e'er I comply or pardon:
If this man's Brother but diſpatches him,
My Jealouſy's releas'd.

Enter Oryala.

Oryala in Tears! The Cauſe which draws this Grief?

Ory. The fatal Cauſe I ever fear'd and told you:
Rheuſanes Scorn.

King. Still ſtubborn?

Ory. Not only ſtill, but ever will be ſo;
Upon the Floor he paſt this tedious Night,
Sighing and mourning o'er *Dorenalus*;
Whom, his miſtaking Arm, he ſaid, deſtroy'd:
Muttering Revenge; repeating his Deſerts,
And curſing the Ingratitude of's Prince.

King. I do begin to apprehend him now;
And what *Dorenalus* by chance receiv'd,
I gueſs, was meant for me.
His Life is, to appeaſe our Laws, requir'd,
Which our Prerogative can ſpare, if courted;
If not, for want of ſuch Humility
I'll leave him to its rigid Perſecution:
I'll humble his Reſentments.

Ory. Oh never, never!
His Woes are ſwell'd to that prodigious heap,
No Rage can terrify, no Vengeance hurt:
To die is what he ſues for; He crav'd, ev'n now,
Some Judgment from the Gods, to ſeparate
His united Sufferings; and finding that they
Did not mind him, ſwore, they ſeem'd aſham'd,
And could inflict no more.

King. Her Sorrows trouble me. [*Aſide.*

Ory. What Pleaſure could you take in ſuch Revenge,
To ruin thoſe who never did you Wrong?

King. I cannot help my Purpoſes miſcarriage,
But they deſign'd you well.

Ory. Oh vain Excuſe! you knew he was diſpos'd of

To

To *Ghinotto*'s Daughter, but loving her your ſelf,
You put me on him as a Security
For your own Luſt.
King. Ha!
Ory. If your hot Blood provok'd you to that height,
That a poor Virgin's Honour muſt allay't;
Rheuſanes ſure ſufficient Plague had found,
In loſing her; but likewiſe to be ti'd
To what he loath'd; how could he bear that Weight?
Now I, like him, wiſh we had never met
And curſe the unequal Uſage of our Fate.
King. She ſtrikes my Conſcience ſtrangely. [*Aſide.*
Ory. Look back upon the Ruines you have made,
And Curſe the Will which has dethron'd your Goodneſs.
King. I feel Reflections thronging on my Soul,
And Penitence is crowding for Admittance.
Ory. What Reparation can you make her Vertue?
Or what Amends my Freedom, which you've ſold?
King. I will make Reparation; forbear *Oryala*!
And let Diſcretion act the careful Pilot,
To guide thee through this Tempeſt of Misfortunes:
Thy Wrongs into my Heart have ſhot my Sin,
And mark'd it for Deſtruction: Oh man!
Moſt liable to Vice, therefore moſt Beaſt!
When we deſire, the Will runs headlong on,
Deſpiſing all Inſtructions of Forbearance;
But Oh! at laſt betray'd in the ſure Snare;
That Will, that forward Will, which ruin'd us,
Converted by Regret to Thoughts impartial,
Too late conſiders and condemns it ſelf.
Ory. Think on ſome means to mitigate your Crimes,
Or your Soul's loſt with your pernicious Life.
King. Oryala, thy Vertues have prevail'd,
And made me ſee, with Shame, the want of mine:
But if our future Actions can repair,
What our foregoing Meaſures have diſgrac'd,

Such Satisfaction for your Wrongs I'll make,
That every one their full Amends ſhall ſpeak:
Confeſs,
That I can give no more, nor they can take.
Ory. Impoſſible!
King. Why doſt thou court me to be good,
Yet doubt my Power?
Ory. I fear 'twill not redreſs; Death, death I know
Muſt be my Sorrows Cure.
King. Talk not of Death, we may live happy yet;
Monarchs Repentance never comes too late:
I'll ſend *Rheuſanes* hither, you work on him,
And I'll contrive to ſoften *Antelina*:
But if our Propoſitions can't ſucceed,
'Tis I muſt die, I who have done this Deed;
My Death alone the miſchief can remove,
Which wrong'd her Honour, and *Rheuſanes* Love. [*Exit.*
Ory. He thinks his Flattery will beguile my Griefs;
But the Impreſſion is too deeply cut;
I'm ſure his Art will never eat it out:
Oh *Rheuſanes!* Thou much belov'd,
And much of Miſery, how wretched are our Fates!
Yet 'tis a Comfort to be Innocent:
If I in ought my ſelf can guilty find,
'Tis loving him perverſeſt of his Kind.

Enter Rheuſanes.

Rheu. Is there no End then of my Miſeries?
My Heart's too ſtubborn for my Wrongs to break;
Nor will the King deſtroy his Enemy:
Oh *Dorenalus*! if that Saints can hear
The Interceſſions of unhappy Mortals,
Implore the Aſſiſtance of the higher Powers,
To ſeal the Warrant of my Liberty.
Ory. Rheuſanes!
Rheu. What are your Orders, Madam?
Ory. Say rather my Deſires, which entreat
A happy Reconcilement to your Love.
Rheu. Alaſs, the King has raviſh'd all my Love;

Nor

Nor have I for my ſelf ſo much
As to preſerve my Life.
Ory. Haſt thou no Pity then?
Rheu. If your ill us'd Affection can deſire
A wretched Share in a diſorder'd Heart,
Command my Crimes immediate Puniſhment;
Let Death reward the merits of my Folly;
Which can deſpiſe the Offers of ſuch Goodneſs,
And till I'm dead I'll bleſs the noble Mercy.
Ory. Why? wouldſt thou die then?
Rheu. With as much Joy I would receive my Doom,
As the diſhonour'd *Antelina*:
For ſince *Dorenalus* and ſhe are loſt,
There are no Plagues my Sufferings can receive,
To match the miſeries of a Reprieve.
Ory. Here then, *Rheuſanes*, feaſt thy Scorn and Hate;
If thou wilt die, ſeaſon thy Dagger firſt,
In the uneaſy Boſom of *Oryala.* [*Offers him a Dagger.*
Rheu. Your cruel Fate, by all thoſe Woes I grieve,
Could wiſh that *Antelina* you had been;
Or, that I'd *Antelina* never ſeen.
Ory. Oh! talk not of her; her very Name,
Withers my Hopes, and blaſts me with Deſpair.
Rheu. All ours you did deſtroy.
Ory. I did not, 'twas the King; had I but known
The evil meanings of his Soul, *Rheuſanes*;
Or that my Fondneſs would have met this Uſage,
I never had deſtroy'd my Peace or yours.
Rheu. You knew I was engag'd.
Ory. The more ungrateful and unjuſt, *Rheuſanes*,
Knowing the merits of my Obligations:
Let my preceding Actions come in view;
The faithful Diligence my Love has us'd,
Particularly to advance your Cauſe,
Might eaſily perſwade you my Deſigns
Courted your Inclinations to reward 'em.
Rheu. I do acknowledge all my Honours yours,
Confeſs my ſelf your Bounty's Creditor;

But

But my Endeavours in my Countries Service,
I hop'd in time might cancel all thoſe Bonds.

Ory. To th'King, but not to me:
Vertues when ſecret kept are none at all;
Kings know not, but by Favorites, who deſerve:
Had not my Love encourag'd your Deſerts,
By kind Entreaties to your Prince to try 'em,
Your Name had never conquer'd *Antelina*;
You had remain'd indifferent to the World.

Rheu. Would I had liv'd a Stranger to it ever,
Since I want Power to recompence your Goodneſs.

Ory. You do not want it.

Rheu. Oh! I do; my Vows to *Antelina* bind my Heart;
And tho I never can be happy in her,
I hear her ſighing to my Soul, take heed,
This Conference ſeems a Violation,
And ſhe upbraids my Conſcience for the Sufferance;
There is a ſtrugling Conteſt in my Breaſt,
Even now betwixt my Love and Gratitude;
Both ſeize my Heart, and tugg for the Poſſeſſion,
Let me depart, or it will ſplit between 'em.

Ory. Give me my Share then.

Rheu. Divide it with thy Dagger.

Ory. No, let thy Gratitude but combat for me;
Weigh but my Friendſhip, and I yet ſhall conquer.

Rheu. It will not be; off, or I muſt be rude.

Ory. Thus I releaſe thee then, and right my ſelf.

[*Stabs her ſelf.*

Rheu. Oh! whither has thy barbarous Honour led thee?

Ory. To everlaſting Freedom; my tedious Leaſe of Life
Is out, and I ſhall groan beneath thy Scorn no more.

Rheu. Why wouldſt thou do thus raſhly?

Ory. Why wouldſt thou hate ſo long?

Rheu. Heaven might have chang'd the purpoſe of my Soul,
For certainly thy Faith had wondrous merit.

Ory. Not equal to thy *Antelina*'s tho;
Yet I have got the ſtart of her in Love,
And in *Rheuſanes* cauſe I periſh firſt.

Rheu. Oh

Rheu. Oh Nature! lend a Life to mend this Breach,
And Death ſhall have a Thouſand in its room;
I'll heal it with my own. [*He ſnatches the Dagger: She holds him.*

Ory. Forbear, I do conjure thee,
By thy *Antelina* hold thy fatal Arm:
Oh *Rheuſanes*! my Lord, my Life, my Husband
And my Soul.

Rheu. What would my dear Vexation?

Ory. When Fate ſhall Summon thee to leave this Life,
Give order that thy Bones may ſleep with mine;
Though we have lived at diſtance in this World,
I hope we ſhall be nearer in the next.

Rheu. Curſe on my froward Soul.

Ory. Oh do not curſe thy ſelf my Senſes Bleſſing,
Believe I loved you, I deſire no more.

Rheu. Too ſadly you have engaged my Credit.

Ory. May Heaven be Judge 'twixt me and *Antelina*,
And give *Rheuſanes* to the beſt deſerving:
Oh! I'm going, the light of Peace is glimmering
On my Soul, and Heaven is in its view; give
Me thy Hand, or thou wilt loſe thy Way. [*Dies.*

Rheu. Stay then, Oh ſtay,
Thou mighty Sufferer, in the croſs Paths, which lead
Our giddy Souls to everlaſting Joy or Woe:
Stay to direct me; the Soul is out of call,
I'll not be long behind thee; the King, the King,
Who has done all this miſchief muſt give me Death:
For him my Friend was in the dark deſtroy'd;
By him my Love was barbarouſly enjoy'd;
By him this worthy Princeſs was betray'd;
By him my Honours in Diſgrace are laid;
By him then let theſe Debts to Heaven be paid:
For ſince he only can be tryed by you,
Do Juſtice, or, like him, you'll want it too. [*Exit* Rheuſanes.

SCENE.

SCENE. III.

A Chamber, with a Table ſet out with Sweet-meats.

Enter a Lord, *leading in* Antelina.

Lord. MAdam, the King will inſtantly be here;
This ſmall Collation is for you provided.
[*Exit* Lord.

Ante. This Banquet ſeems moſt luckily provided;
For unſuſpected now I can deſtroy
His Life, who robb'd mine of its Glory:
I ſwore no opportunity ſhould ſcape,
In which I might revenge my Virgin's Loſs:
In then thou bane of Mortals, [*Pours Poiſon into a*
Thou Enemy to Life, and Friend of Death; *Bowl of Wine.*
Thy fatal Virtue mix ſo curiouſly,
That the moſt cunning Senſe may not diſtruſt thee.
Hark, the Royal Thief approaches.

Enter King *and* Lord.

King. Are all things order'd as I gave directions?

Lord. Your curious Fancy is obey'd in all.

King. Leave us, let not the Princeſs
Nor a Soul diſturb us.

Lord. I ſhall be careful, Sir. [*Exit* Lord.

King. The Subtilety o'th' moſt experienc'd Lovers
Which have ſubdued the chaſteſt of the kind,
The Eloquence of *Cicero* affect me; } *Aſide.*
Thou Mother to the Deity of Love,
Into her Breaſt convey thy yielding Soul,
And give me Charms to conquer all Reſiſtance.

Ante. Thou Goddeſs of unſpotted Caſtity;
Thou worthy Patroneſs of Injur'd Vertue, } *Aſide.*
Right me on this Imperial Raviſher.

King. Fair Injury! [*Moves towards her and bows very low.*

Ante.

Ante. How ſlily does this Devil maſque his Falſhood:
So look'd the Firſt, when credulous *Eve* he tempted,
And of her bleſſed Paradiſe depriv'd her. [*Aſide.*

King. Thou moving Token of thy Prince's Miſchief,
Look on me with compaſſionate Obſervance;
I groan beneath the Burthen of my Crimes;
Thy Pity only can the Weight remove,
Which Cloggs my Soul, and ſinks it to Deſtruction.

Ante. I ſhall have Juſtice, worrying Flatterer.

King. By all my Hopes of Quiet, noble too,
Such Juſtice as ſhall heal your wounded Honour,
And calm the worſt Reſentments of your Father:
I'll ſet thy Vertues in a Sphere ſo high,
Shall make 'em yet out-ſhine thy Sexes Pride.

Ante. As well the Oak may flouriſh like the Elm,
When Ivy has debas'd its noble Trunk.

King. When Mortals begg Remiſſion for their Sins
With an unfeigned Deſire, Heavens Ear enclines:
Be thou like Heaven to my entreating Prayers,
And let my juſt Repentance claim ſome Pity.

Ante. Thou haſt been baſely Cruel.

King. The greater will thy Mercy ſhew to Pardon;
Do not upbraid me ever, but relent; [*Kneels.*
My Sins, which like a Leproſie ran o'er me,
The Tears of Penitence have waſh'd away;
Nor can I think my Soul inclin'd to th'Act:
Some Fiend admiring of thee, enter'd me,
And with his Charms forc'd me act his Will.

Ante. I muſt ſeem yielding; to bring him to my Ends
Requires Belief I may be brought to his.
Riſe, Sir.

King. Will you ſit down then?

Ante. I will. [*Sits.*

King. Will you ſalute this Bowl, or in a
Friendly Draught drown what is paſt?
Oh bleſs me with the Sound of thy Forgiveneſs,
And my ſad Soul ſhall ſhake its Sorrows off,
And dance to th'joyful Muſick of thy Mercy:

Drink my Hearts Trouble. [*Gives her the Bowl.*
Ante. Peace to our Wrongs. [*She drinks.*
King. I thirſt for it. [*Takes the Bowl and drinks.*
May all our Sorrows ſhrink as this decays.
Ante. May it waſh out thy Sins, I do forgive thee.
King. Souls baniſh'd Heaven, could not be better pleas'd
To be call'd back again:
Some Muſick there to humour this ſweet Softneſs. [*A Song.*
Eat, my Comfort, here's Food delicious,
As the Gods delight in, luſcious as Loves deſires;
Let's feaſt and revel till we have wearied Luxury,
And with our Appetites Extravagance made *Crœſus* poor.
Ante. Thou wilt be poor anon.
King. Wilt thou not eat, my Queen?
Ante. I am not well.
King. Let us retire, my Life; within are Cordials,
Maſters of all Sickneſs.
Ante. Make uſe then of 'em, for thou art mighty ill.
King. Not *Paris* was in better Health, when he,
His dear ſtolen *Helen* firſt embrac'd:
I feel my pious Purpoſes decay,
And I am loſt again in vaſt Deſire.
Ante. Is this thy faithful Sorrow?
King. Would'ſt have me weep my ſelf
Like *Niobe* into a Stone?
I've ſigh'd ſufficiently for what is paſt;
Therefore thy Joys muſt make my Grief amends.
Ante. Oh Monſter!
King. Throw off this fooliſh Vertue and be kind;
My Blood boils high.
Ante. Thy Soul will ſink as low.
King. I'll ſink it in thy Arms then.
Ante. Good Gods!
King. Could thoſe good Gods transform thee to a Tree,
Like *Daphne*, when *Apollo* did purſue her;
Thus ſhould my twiſted Arms grow to thee,
Whilſt every Branch which ſprung from our fair Sides,
Were royal Iſſues of each others Pleaſure.

Ante.

Ante. Thou bitter Curſe on Vertue, thou art poiſon'd.
King. This will not ſave thee. (Art,
Ante. By the Honour thou haſt deſtroy'd, not the Worlds
With thy own Nature, were it ſtrong as Cruel,
Can carry off the Venom in thy Blood.
King. If I am poiſon'd then my Time's more precious,
And on thy Boſom ſhall my Life expire;
So bleſs'd I'd willingly my Life reſign;
In Ecſtaſies of Bliſs I'll upwards climb:
Upon thy Lips I'll leave my parting Soul,
And giddy with my Joys to Darkneſs rowl.

Enter Lord.

Lord. To Arms, or fly immediately;
The Army's at your Pallace, bellowing lowd,
Rheuſanes is our King; down with the Tyrant:
There's not a Citizen but arms the Cauſe,
And vows to ſhare their Fortune.
Ante. I cannot live to ſee my Wrongs reveng'd; [*She ſinks and ſits on the Ground.*
Fear Tyrant, for Heavens Vengeance
Crouds upon thee.
King. This meſſage like Qualm comes croſs my Blood,
And chills the Heat her Beauties had inſpir'd.
Draw up our Guards, lets meet 'em with the utmoſt
Force we have, and back it with an equal Reſolution.
This Cunning ſhall not ſave thee, here thou ſhalt remain,
Till I the worſt Event of Fortune know;
And if I find my Crown I muſt reſign,
I will return in ſpight of all thy Art,
And periſh in thy Arms.
Rheuſanes and thy Father ſhall behold it,
Whilſt both their Swords ſhall want the Power to part us;
For as my Wounds ſucceſſively are made,
As they ſtab me ſo will I kiſs thee dead. [*Exit.*
Ante. Oh *Rheuſanes*! ſome unſeen Power
Whiſper in thy Ear,
How nobly *Antelina* keeps her Vow:
I feel the Miſchief courſing through my Veins,
And like a Town attack'd from every ſide,

It does ſurround my Heart, feign 'twould hold out
To parley with the General,
And after ſome Conditions give it up. [*Shout without.*

Enter Rheuſanes.

Rheu. I hear my Name cry'd up by all for King,
And zealous mutiny comes fiercely on;
I long to know my *Antelina*'s Fate,
Whilſt doubtful of her Safety I remain:
I cannot die, but hover hereabout,
Like a poor frighted Bird about her Neſt,
When ſhe ſuſpects the Danger of her Young.

Ante. Who's there?

Rheu. Again upon the Ground; [*Runs to* Antelina.
How are my Fears confirm'd?

Ante. Rheuſanes!

Rheu. The ſame, but tell me, (Oh my Doubts!)
Why do I find thee thus?

Ante. A Bed of Honour this, not of Diſgrace;
The King no more my Vertue ſhall deſtroy,
Nor live to boaſt the Rape of *Antelina*.

Rheu. What doſt thou mean?

Ante. I drank thy Health in the ſame Draught
The King did his Deſtruction;
The Thoughts of thee ſweeten'd the bitter Cup,
And made the Potion pleaſant to my Taſte.

Rheu. Thou art not poiſon'd?

Ante. Forgive me if I've rob'd thee of thy Juſtice;
Jealous of loſing it I made it ſure,
And gave him what will thorowly revenge us.

Rheu. The Action troubles me, altho' I cannot live
To ſee the Event: I wiſh thy Sufferings may quit
Thy Crimes, for Heaven has great Regard to Princes.

Ante. And has it none for injured Subjects think you?

Rheu. Not when they offer to Revenge themſelves;
Fir'd by thy Wrongs, and work'd up by thy Father,
I went to end him; But Oh the ſad miſtake!
I ſlew thy Brother for him.

Ante. Hard Uſage truly, but 'tis done, and I muſt wait

My

My Sentence: Live thou (Oh my intended, but
Unhappy Lover!) and prithee, dear *Rheuſanes*, prithee
Befriend the Troubles of thy Wife:
Credit me, wondrous Goodneſs dwells within her;
And ſince the King and I are both remov'd,
Reward her tedious Sufferings with thy Love.

Rheu. Not Three Hours ſince ſhe periſh'd by my Side.

Ante. Then I expire too late.

Rheu. Rally thy Spirits Strength, and ſtay a little;
Oh do not fly ſo ſoon!

Drums, Trumpets, and the Noiſe of a Battle without.

Enter King Mad, with his Sword drawn.

King. ALL's loſt, no Words on't; let Furies laugh and
Rattle Chains for Joy, I'm coming; Oh how I (burn!
The ambitious Boy that ſet the World on fire,
And periſh'd in the Flames his Folly kindled,
Dy'd in a gentle Sweat to what I feel.

Rheu. Hee's come, Heaven let his Madneſs find me.

King. The Toils of *Syſiphus*, *Prometheus*'s Pains,
And all the Poets Tales of tortur'd Sinners,
Are Fictions to the Puniſhments I ſuffer:
I'll ſue to *Proſerpine* to quench theſe Fires,
Her Arms have Power.
Ha *Pluto*! here come to compel my Love?
Die, Devil, die; [*Runs* Rheuſanes *through.*
And I'll be Prince of Hell.

Ante. Rheuſanes, Oh! [*Dies.*

Rheu. I follow thee; bleſs'd be the Hand that ſends me.

King. Give me ſome Water there, ſome Water, Doggs;
Pour down my Throat an hundred thouſand Tunns
To cool my boiling Blood; let Winter lay me
In his frozen Lap, and weep Snow on me;
My Heat would melt his Hoard upon the Alps,

And

And make a ſecond Flood for *Italy*.
My Feaver would thaw Charity. [*Shout without.*

Enter Ghinotto.

Ghin. He's here. [Ghin. *runs at him, the* King *drops his Sword as they are ſtruggling.*
King. What art thou?
Ghin. This ſhall inform thee. *The K. draws a Dagger and ſtabs* Ghin.
King. Am I ta'n Priſoner then? O, Treaſon!
Fly to my Reſcue, this I think will free me:
There, there, there.

Enter Collonel with Souldiers.

Coll. How is't, Sir? [*To* Ghinotto.
Ghin. Why, not well. [*Dies.*
Coll. Oh diſmal Spectacle! General, look up;
Oh how he has croſs'd our Purpoſe?
Behold your Collonel, Sir, with ſuch Relief,
As will recover your loſt Life and Time.
Rhen. Do not diſturb me.
Coll. How came this, Sir?
Rhen. By the Kings hand. This Lady in a Bowl
Of Poiſon drank to him, and in its rageing Madneſs
He deſtroy'd me: *Ghinotto* is the Cauſe of all;
I can no more; Heaven forgive it: Hold faſt
My Hope, and to the Stars conduct me. [*Dies.*
Coll. Now ſets the Sun of Glory; the World
Is darkn'd by thy Lights decay, which ne'er
Will riſe to bleſs this Land again;
Curſed Ambition! what Slaughter haſt thou made?
King. My infected Blood flows ſwiftly forth, and
Reaſon now torments me more than Poiſon.
Coll. What Mercy can thy Wickedneſs expect?
King. Had I but time, I'd tell thee. [*Dies.*
Coll. Oh Death! Oh thou luxurious Thief!
How has thy vicious Appetite been feaſted?
Wretched *Ghinotto*! hadſt thou been more juſt,
This Wrack had never happen'd.

Would

Would I were in my Grave, I ſhould not ſee
The Miſeries this Land muſt feel for thee.
The ſad Remains of this unhappy Crown,
Have much to do to fix their ſhaking Throne.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. JEVON.

MY Brother Mountfort *in the Scene-Room ſits,*
To hear the Cenſure of your ſharp quick Wits;
Expecting a moſt dreadful damning Doom:
My Third Day's paſt, but his, poor Soul's to come.
Encourage him, Faith do, 'tis Charity;
Poets, you know, are poor, and ſo are we:
Let this tho' give no Offence to'th' Brother-Writers;
But if it does, there's few of 'em are Fighters:
Thoſe that are ſo, he does exclude his Pen,
For like Town Bully, he would know his Men.
He begs but one thing, be not ſo uncivil,
To ſcan his Play, *for then 'twill be the Devil:*
Not but he dares ſtand by't, but to prevent Evil.
For Nice Sr. Courtly's *ſo well bred, you know,*
He would not queſtion it, and pray don't you.
The Plot I'm ſure is good, or if it be not, fye,
Your Chair-Men now a days plot Tragedy.
Pardon but this, and I will pawn my Life,
His next ſhall match my Devil of a Wife.
We'll grace it with the Imbelliſhment of Song and Dance;
We'll have the Monſieur *once again from* France,

With's

With's Hoope and Glasses, and when that is done,
He shall Divert you with his Riggadoone. [Dances like him.
Pluck up de Petticoat above de Knee,
To shew de fine shew string and de dapper Thigh,
And not make one Blush, no begar not in one Lady:
With tawny Gullet, Face as ugly too,
As a fresh Awkard Covent-Garden *Beau.*
Hey de brave French Man Mon foy he can fly
Home again he has into his own Country.
So fare him well, of him no more,
But to the Poet, be kind to him, as I said before,
Else to Band by him, every Man has sworn.
To Salisbury *Court we'll hurry the next Week,*
Where not for Whores but Coaches you may seek;
And more to plague you, there shall be no Play,
But the Emperor o'th' Moon *for every Day.*

F I N I S.

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